

# POEMS

ON SEVERAL  
OCCASIONS

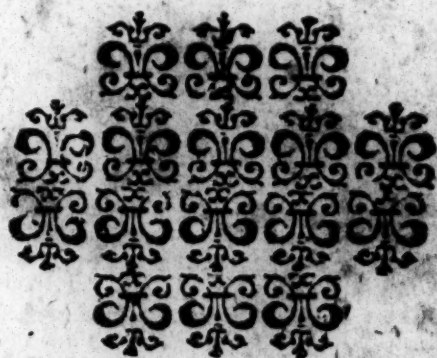
By the

Right Honourable

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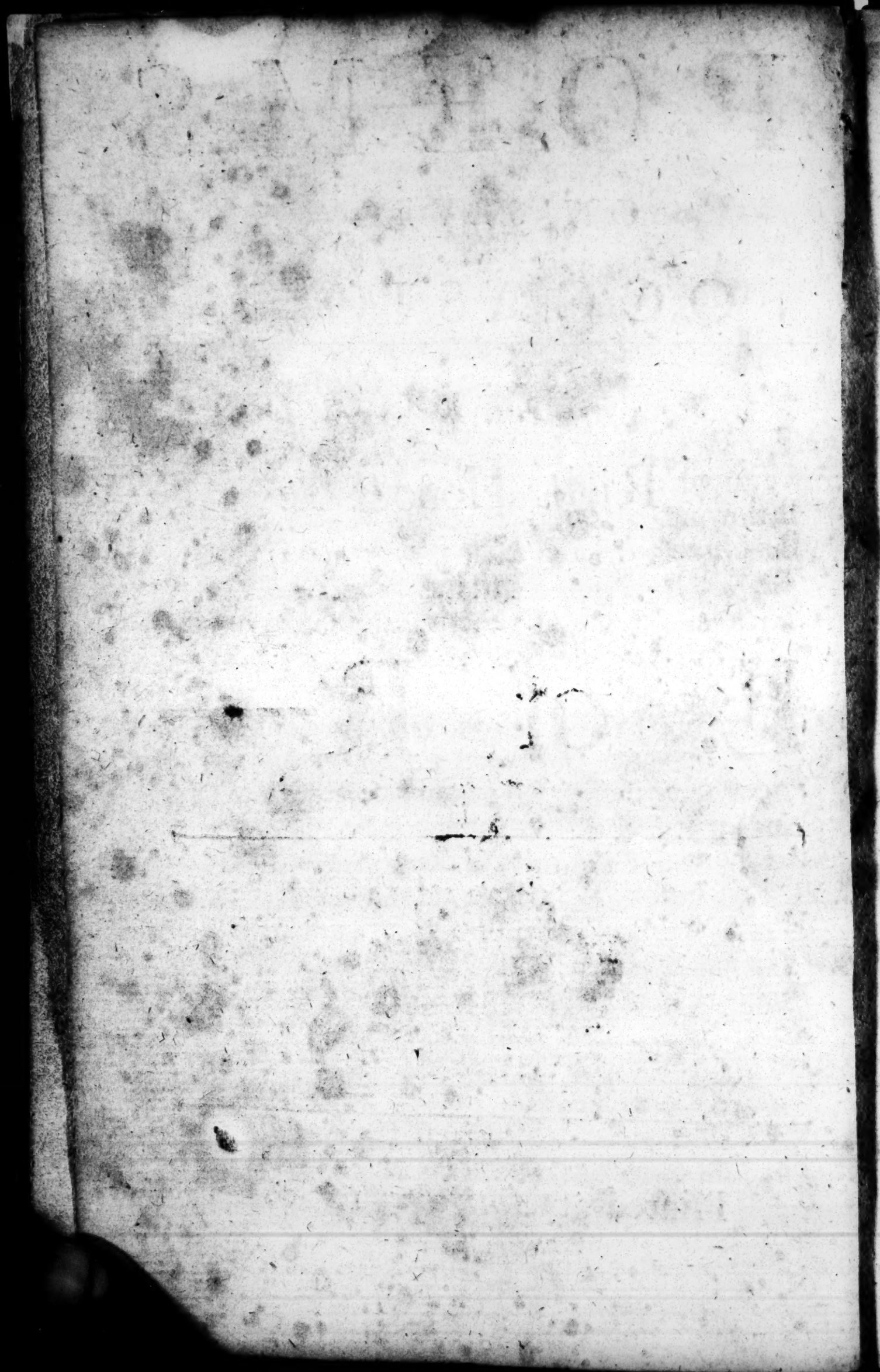
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*An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O. B.  
upon their Mutual Poems.*

*Dear Friend.*

I Hear this *Town* does so abound  
 With sawcy *Censurers*, that faults are found  
 With what of late we ( in *Poetique* rage )  
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;  
 But ( howsoe're *Envy* their spleens may raise,  
 To Rob my *Brows* of the deserved *Bays* )  
 Their thanks at least I merit, since through me,  
 They are partakers of your *Poetry*;  
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,  
 T' obtain one Line of your well worded sence, }  
 I'd be content t' have writ the *Brittish Prince*. }  
 I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,  
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;  
 But from a *Rule* I have ( upon long tryal )  
 T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.  
 Which way so e're desire and fancy lead,  
 ( Contemning *Fame* ) that *Path* I boldly tread,  
 And if exposing what I take for wit, }  
 To my dear self a pleasure I beget, }  
 No matter though the cens'ring *Criticks* fret. }  
 These, whom my *Muse* displeases, are at strife,  
 With equal spleen against my *Course* of Life,  
 The least delight of which I'll not forgoe,  
 For all the flat'ring praise *Man* can bestow.



If I design'd to please, the way were then,  
 To mend my Manners, rather than my *Pen* :  
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit,  
 And for the second, I despair of it,  
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit. }  
 Perhaps ill *Verses* ought to be confin'd  
 In meer good breeding, like unsav'ry Wind :  
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,  
 Men ought no more write scurvily than stink :  
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read, or no,  
 If likewise of your smelling it were so ;  
 I'd Fart, just as I write, for my own ease,  
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.  
 I'll own that you write better than I do,  
 But I have as much need to write as you.

What tho' the Excrements of my dull *Brain*,  
 Flow in a harsh insipid strain ;  
 Whilst your rich head eases it self of wit,  
 Must none but *Civet-Cats* have leave to shit ;  
 In all I write shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rime,  
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,  
 Should stamp my *Poem*, that the world may see  
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me ;  
 And that's my end : for man can wish no more,  
 Than so to write, as none e're writ before.  
 Yet why am I no *Poet* of the times ;  
 I have *Allusions*, *Similies*, and *Rimes*,  
 And *Wit*, or else 'tis hard that I alone,  
 Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none.  
 Unequally the partial hand of *Heaven*  
 Has all but this One only blessing giv'n

The *World* appears like a great Family,  
 Whose *Lord* oppress'd with *Pride* and *Poverty*.  
 ( That to a few great bounty he may show )  
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.  
 Just so seems *Providence*, as poor, and vain,  
 Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain.  
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,  
 And for One *Prince*, it makes Ten thousand *Slaves*.  
 In Wit alone 'thas been Magnificent,  
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,  
 That the most Avaricious are content. }  
 For none ere thought ( the due division's such )  
 His own too little, or his *Friends* too much.  
 Yet most *Men* shew, or find great want of Wit,  
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.  
 But I who am of sprightful vigour full,  
 Look on *Mankind*, as envious and dull.  
 Born for my self, I like my self alone,  
 And must conclude my judgement good, or none.  
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know,  
 Whether another *Man's* were good or no?  
 Thus I resolve of my own *Poetry*,  
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.  
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,  
 Whether to merit due, or *Arrogance*?  
*Oh! but the World will take offence thereby;*  
 Why then the *World* shall suffer for't, not I.  
 Did e're this sawcy *World* and I agree  
 To let it have its beastly will on me?  
 Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,  
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customes spawn?



But Men *will* censure you; 'tis two to one,  
 When e're they censure, they'll be in the wrong.  
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,  
 So foolish, and so false as common fame.  
 It calls the *Courtier Knave*, the plain *Man* rude,  
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd.  
 Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,  
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.  
 Poor helpless *Woman* is not favour'd more,  
 She's a fly *Hypocrite*, or publick *Whore*.  
 Then who the Devil would give this---, to be free  
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy.  
 These things consider'd, make me (in delpight  
 Of idle Rumor) keep at home, and write.

---

## S A T Y R.

**W**ere I (who to my cost already am  
 One of those strange prodigious Crea-  
 tures, *Man*)  
 A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,  
 What Case of Flesh, and Bloud I pleas'd to wear,  
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*,  
 Or any thing, but that vain *Animal*  
 Who is so proud of being rational.  
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
 A sixth to contradict the other five;  
 And before certain instinct will preferr  
*Reason*, which fifty times for one does err.

*Reason,*

*Reason*, an *Ignis fatuus* in the *Mind*,  
 Which leaving light of *Nature*, sense behind;  
 Pathless and dang'rous wandring ways it takes,  
 Through error's, *Fenny Bogs*, and *Thorny Brakes*;  
 While the misguided follower climbs with pain,  
*Mountains* of *Whimseys*, heap'd in his own *Brain*:  
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-  
 long down,

Into doubts boundless *Sea*, where like to drown,  
 Books bear him up awhile, and make him try,  
 To swim with *Bladders* of *Philosophy*;  
 In hopes still to oretake th' escaping light,  
 The *Vapour* dances in his dazling sight,  
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal *Night*. }

Then old *Age*, and experience hand in hand  
 Lead him to death, and make him understand  
 After a search so painful, and so long,  
 That all his *Life* he has been in the wrong,  
 Hudled in dirt, the reas'ning *Engine* lyes,  
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.

*Pride* drew him in, as *Cheats* their *Bubbles* catch,  
 And made him venture to be made a *Wretch*.

His wisdom did his happiness destroy,  
 Aiming to know what *Worlds* he should enjoy:  
 And *Wit* was his vain frivolous pretence  
 Of pleasing others at his own expence.

For *Wits* are treated just like common *Whores*,  
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of *Dores*:  
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,  
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains:  
*Women*, and *Men* of *Wit* are dang'rous *Tools*,  
 And ever fatal to admiring *Fools*.



Pleasure allures, and when the Fopps escape,  
 Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,  
 And therefore what they fear, at least they hate ;  
 But now methinks some formal Band, and Beard,  
 Takes me to task, come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then by your favour, any thing that's writ  
 Against this gibeing Jingling knack call'd Wit  
 Likes me abundantly, but you take care,  
 Upon this point, not to be too severe.  
 Perhaps my Muse, were fitter for this part  
 For I profess, I can be very smart  
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart ;  
 I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,  
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,  
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way,  
 What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind  
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind ;  
 Blest glorious Man ! to whom alone kind Heaven  
 An everlasting Soul has freely given ;  
 Whom his great Maker had such care to make,  
 That from himself he did the Image take ;  
 And this fair frame in shining Reason drest,  
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast :  
 Reason by whose aspiring influence,  
 We take a flight beyond material sense.  
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce  
 The flaming limits of the Universe.*

*Search Heaven, and Hell, find out what's acted there,  
 And give the world true grounds of hope, and fear.*

Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know  
 From the Pathetique pen of Ingels ;

From P---s Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,  
 And 'tis this very reason I despise.  
 This supernatural gift that makes a *Myte*  
 Think he's the Image of the infinite :  
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,  
 To the *Eternal* and the ever blest.  
 This busie, puzzling stirrer up of doubt,  
 That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;  
 Filling with Frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,  
 Those Reverend *Bedlams* Colleges, and *Schools*  
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce  
 The limits of the boundless *Universe*.  
 So charming Oyntments make an old *Witch* flye,  
 And bear a crippled Carcase through the Skie.  
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose business lies  
 In *Nonsense*, and impossibilities.  
 This made a Whimsical *Philosopher*  
 Before the spacious *World* his, *Tub* prefer,  
 And we have modern *Cloister'd* Coxcombs, who  
 Retire to think, 'cause they have naught to do;  
 But thoughts are given for Actions government  
 Where action ceases, thoughts impertinent :  
 Our *Sphere* of action is *Lifes* happiness,  
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.  
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,  
 I own right *Reason* which I would obey :  
 That *Reason*, that distinguishes by sense,  
 And gives us *Rules* of good, and ill from thence :  
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,  
 To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.  
 Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy,  
 Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.

My



My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat,  
 Hunger Calls out, my Reason bids me eat;  
 Perverfly yours your Appetite does mock,  
 This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock;  
 This plain distinction, Sir your doubt secures,  
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.  
 Thus I think Reason righted, but for *Man*,  
 I'll ne're recant, defend him if you can.  
 For all his Pride and his Philosophy,  
 'Tis evident, *Beasts* are in their degree,  
 As wise at least, and better far than he. }  
 Those *Creatures* are the wisest, who attain  
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.  
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and Kills his *Hares*,  
 Better than *M---* supplies Committee Chairs;  
 Though one's a *States man*, th' other but a *Hound*,  
*Fowler* in Justice wou'd be wiser found.  
 You see, how far *Man's* wisdom here extends;  
 Look next, if human Nature makes amends;  
 Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,  
 And to whose *Morals* you would sooner trust.  
 Be judge your self, I'll bring it to the test,  
 Which is the basest *Creature Man*, or *Beast*?  
*Birds* feed on *Birds*, *Beasts* on each other prey;  
 But *Savage Man* alone, does *Man* betray:  
 Prest by necessity, they Kill for Food,  
*Man* undoes *Man*, to do himself no good.  
 With Teeth, and Claws by nature arm'd, they hunt,  
 Natur's allowance to supply their want,  
 But *Man* with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,  
 Unhumanely his Fellow's life betrays;

With

With voluntary pains, works his distrels,  
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.  
 For hunger or for Love, they fight, or rear,  
 Whilst wretched *Man* is still in arms for fear;  
 For fear he armes, and is of Armes afraid,  
 By fear, to fear successively betray'd.  
 Base fear, the source whence his best passion came,  
 His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame.  
 That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a *Slave*,  
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:  
 To which his various Projects are design'd,  
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind.  
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,  
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise:  
 Leading a tedious life in Misery,  
 Under laborious, mean *Hypocrisie*.  
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,  
 Wherein *Man's* Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory joyn:  
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,  
 'Tis all for fear, to make himself secure.  
 Meerly for safety after Fame we thirst,  
 For all Men wou'd be *Cowards*, if they durst.  
 And honesty's against all common sense,  
 Men must be *Knaves*, 'tis in their own defence.  
*Mankind's* dishonest, If you think it fair,  
 Amongst known *Cheats*, to play upon the square,  
 You'll be undone -----  
 Nor can weak truth, your reputation save,  
 The *Knaves* will all agree to call you *Knave*.  
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress'd,  
 Who dares be less a villain, than the rest.

Thus



Thus, Sir, you see what human Nature craves,  
 Most men are *Cowards*, all men shou'd be *Knaves* :  
 The difference lyes ( as far as I can see )  
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree ;  
 And all the subject matter of debate,  
 Is only who's a *Knave* of the first *Rate*.

All this with indignation have I hurld  
 At the pretending part of the proud world,  
 Who swoln with selfish vanity, devise,  
 False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes, }  
 Over their fellow Slaves to tyrannize.

But if in *Court*, so just a Man there be,  
 ( In *Court*, a just Man, yet unknown to me, )  
 Who does his needfull flattery direct,  
 Not to oppress, and ruine, but protect ;  
 Since flattery, which way so ever laid,  
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.  
 If so upright a *States Man* you can find,  
 Whole passions bend to his unbias'd Mind ;  
 Who does his Arts, and *pollicies* apply,  
 To raise his *Counntry*, not his *Family* ;  
 Nor While his pride, own'd Avarice withstands,  
 Receives fly Bribes from *Friends* corrupted hands.  
 Is there a *Church Man*, who on *God* relies ;  
 Whose Life his Faith, and Doctrine Justifies ;  
 Not one blown up with vain Prelatique pride,  
 Who for reproof of Sins does *Man* deride.  
 Whose envious heart with lawcy Eloquence  
 Dares chide at *Kings*, and rail at Men of sense.  
 Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lyes,  
 More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,

Than

Than at a Gossiping, are thrown about,  
 When the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out.  
 None of that sensual *Tribe*, whose Talents lye  
 In *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Sloth*, and *Gluttony*.  
 Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives,  
 Whose Lust exalted to that height arrives,  
 They act Adultery with their own *Wives*.  
 And e're a score of Years compleated be,  
 Can from the lofty *Pulpit* proudly see  
 Half a large *Parish* their own Progeny.

Nor doating B---- who would be ador'd,  
 For domineering at the *Council Board*;  
 A greater *Fop* in business at *Fourscore*,  
 Fonder of serious *Toyes*, affected more  
 Than the gay glitt'ring *Fool* at twenty proves,  
 With all his noise, his tawdry Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek, humble Man of modest sense,  
 Who preaching Peace does practise Continence;  
 Whose pious Life's a proof he does believe,  
 Mysterious Truths, which no man can conceive.  
 If upon *Earth*, there dwell such God-like Men,  
 Ple here recant my *Paradox* to them.

Adore those *Shrines* of *Virtue*, *Homage* pay,  
 And with the *Rabble-World* their *Laws* obey:  
 If such there are; yet grant me this at least,  
*Man* differs more from *Man* than *Man* from *Beast*.



*A Ramble in St. JAMES'S PARK.*

**M**uch Wine had past with grave discourse,  
 Of who *Fucks* who, and who does worse;  
 Such as you do usually hear,  
 From them; that diet at the *Bear*;  
 When, I, who still care to see  
 Drunkenness reliev'd by, *Lechery*;  
 Went out into *St. James's Park*,  
 To cool my head, and fire my heart:  
 But though *St. James* has the honour on't,  
 'Tis consecrate to *Prick*, and *Gunt*.  
 There by a most incestuous *Birth*,  
 Strange *Woods* spring from the teeming Earth,  
 For they relate, how heretofore,  
 When antient *Piety* began to Whore,  
 Deluded of his Assignment,  
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion)  
 Poor pensive *Lover* in this place  
 Would frig upon his *Mother's* Face;  
 Whence Rows of *Mandrakes* tall did rise,  
 Whole lewd Tops fuck'd the very Skies.  
 Each imitative Branch does twine  
 In some love-knot of *Aretine*,  
 And Nightly now beneath their shade,  
 Are *Buggies*, *Rapes*, and *Incests* made.  
 Unto this All-sin-sheltring Grove,  
*Whores* of the Bulk, and the *Alcove*,  
*Great Ladies*, *Chambermaids*, and *Drudges*;  
 The *Rag-picker*, and *Heire's* trudges,

*Carr-men, Divines, great Lords, and Taylors,  
Prentices, Pimps, Poets, and Gaolers;  
Foot-men, fine Fops* do here arrive,  
And here promiscuously they *Swive*.

Along these hallow'd Walks it was,  
That I beheld *Corinna* pass;  
Who ever had been by to see  
The proud disdain she cast on me.  
Through charming Eyes, he would have sworn,  
She dropt from *Heav'n* that very hour;  
Forfaking the Divine abode,  
In scorn of some despairing *God*:  
But mark what Creatures *Women* are,  
How infinitely false and fair.

Three *Knights* o'th' Elbow, and the slur,  
With wriggling Tails made up to her.

The first was of your *White-hall* Blades,  
Near Kin to th' *Mother* of the *Maid's*,  
Grac'd by whose favour, he was able  
To bring a *Friend* to th' *Waiters* Table.  
Where he had heard Sir *Edward* S-----  
Say how the *K-----* lov'd *Bansted* Mutton.  
Since when he'd ne're be brought to eat,  
By's good will any other Meat.  
In this as well as all the rest,  
He ventures to do like the best.  
But wanting common sence th' ingredient,  
In choosing well, not least expedient.  
Convert's Abortive imitation,  
To universal affectation;  
So he not only eats and talks,  
But feels, and smells, sits down, and walks.

Nay



Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rote,  
In an old tawdry *Birth-day-Coat*.

The Second was a *Grays-Inn-Wit*,  
A great inhabiter of the *Pit*;  
Where *Critick-like* he sits and squints,  
Steals Pocket-Handkerchiefs, and hints,  
From's *Neighbour*, and the *Comedy*,  
To Court, and pay his *Landlady*.

The Third a *Ladies Eldest Son*,  
Within few years of twenty one;  
Who hopes from his propitious Fate  
Against he comes to his Estate.  
By these two *Worthies* to be made  
A most accomplisht tearing *Blade*.  
One in a strain 'twixt *Tune*, and *Nonsense*,  
Cries, *Madam I have lov'd you long since*,  
*Permit me your fair hand to kiss*.  
When at her *Mouth* her C---- says yes.  
In short, without much more ado,  
Joyful, and pleas'd away she flew;  
And with these three confounded *Asses*,  
From *Park* to *Hackney-Coach* she passes.  
So a proud *Bitch* does lead about,  
Of humble *Curs* the amorous rout;  
Who most obsequiously do hunt,  
The sav'ry scent of Salt-swoln *Cunt*.  
Some Pow'r more patient now relate;  
The sense of this surprizing Fate.  
Gods! that a thing admir'd by me,  
Should tast so much of infamy.  
Had she pickt out to rub her *Arse* on,  
Some stiff prick'd *Glorion*, or well-hung *Parson*.

Each

Each job of whose Spermatick Sluce,  
 Had fill'd her *Cunt* with wholesome Juice.  
 I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd,  
 In hope sh'ad quencht a Fire I rais'd :  
 Such natural freedoms are but just,  
 There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.  
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Jade*,  
 When neither *Head*, nor *Tail* perswade ;  
 To be a *Whore*, in understanding,  
 A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in :  
 The *Devil* plaid booty, sure with thee,  
 To bring a blot on infamy.  
 But why was I of all *mankind*,  
 To so severe a fate design'd ?  
 Ungrateful ! why this Treachery  
 To humble fond, believing me ?  
 Who gave you priviledge above,  
 The nice allowances of Love ?  
 Did ever I refuse to bear  
 The meanest part your Lust could spare ?  
 When your lew'd *Cunt* came spewing home,  
 Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*.  
 My Dram of Sperm was supt up after,  
 For the digestive Surfeit Water.  
 Full gorged at another time,  
 With a vast *Meal* of nasty Slime ;  
 Which your devouring *Cunt* had drawn  
 From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*.  
 I was content to serve you up  
 My *Ballocks* full, for your *Grace-Cup* ;  
 Nor ever thought it an abuse,  
 While you had pleasure for excuse.



You that cou'd make my Heart away,  
 For Noise, and Colours, and betray  
 The secrets of my tender hours  
 To such *Knight-Errant Paramours* ;  
 When leaning on your faithless Breast,  
 Wrapt in security, and rest.  
 Soft kindnes all my pow'r's did move,  
 And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.  
 May stinking *Vapours* choak your *Womb*,  
 Such as the *Men*, you doat upon ;  
 May your depraved Appetite,  
 That cou'd in whiffing *Fools* delight,  
 Beget such *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,  
 You may go mad for the *North-wind*.  
 And fixing all your hopes upon't,  
 To have him Bluster in your *Cunt* :  
 Turn up your longing *Arse* to th' Air,  
 And perish in a wild despair.  
 But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant,  
*School-boys* to Frig, old *Whores* to paint :  
 The *Jesuits* Fraternity,  
 Shall leave the use of *Buggery*.  
*Crab-Louse*, inspir'd with Grace Divine,  
 Grom Earthy *Cod* to *Heav'n* shall climb ;  
*Physicians* shall believe in *Jesus*.  
 And disobedience cease to please us.  
 Ere I desist with all my Pow'r,  
 To plague this *Woman*, and undo her.  
 But my revenge will best be trim'd,  
 When she is *Marri'd* that is lim'd ;  
 In that most lamentable State,  
 I'll make her feel my scorn, and hate ;

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,  
 And her poor *Cur* with jealousies.  
 Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,  
 While she whines like a *Dog-drawn Bitch*.  
 Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,  
 Into some dirty hole alone,  
 To Chew the *Cud* of *Milery*,  
 And know she owes it all to me.  
*And may no Woman better thrive,*  
*Who dares prophane the Cunt, I Swive.*

---

*A Letter fancy'd from Artemisa in the  
 Town, to Chloe in the Country.*

**C***Hloe*, by your command in verse I write,  
 Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight;  
 Such Talents better with our *Sex* agree,  
 Than lofty flights of dong'rous *Poetry*.  
 Among the *Men*, I mean the *Men* of *Wit*,  
 ( At least they pass for such before they writ. )  
 How many bold advent'ers for the *Bays*,  
 Proudly designing large returns of praise,  
 Who durst that stormy pathless *World* explore,  
 Were soon dash't back, and wreckt on the dull shore,  
 Broke of that little stock they had before.  
 How wou'd a *Womans* tott'ring *Barque* be tost,  
 Where stoutest *Ships*, the *Men* of *Wit*, are lost?  
 When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,  
 And my own self I gravely thus advise.



Dear *Artemisa*, Poetry's a Snare,  
*Bedlam* has many *Mansions* ; have a care.  
 Your *Muse* diverts you, makes the *Reader* sad,  
 You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad.  
 Thus like an arrant *Woman*, as I am,  
 No sooner well convinc'd, writing's a shame,  
 That *Whore* is scarce a more reproachful name,  
 Than *Poetess*-----

Like *Men*, that marry, or like *Maids*, that woe,  
 Because 'tis the worst thing that they can do.  
 Pleas'd with the contradiction, and the Sin,  
 Methinks I stand on Thorns, till I begin.

You expect to hear at least what love has past  
 In this lewd *Town*, since you and I met last,  
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whe-  
 ther

The old ones last, and who, and who's together?  
 But how (my dearest *Chloe*) should I set  
 My *Pen* to write what I would fain forget?  
 Or name the lost thing *Love* without a *Tear*,  
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?  
*Love*, the most generous passion of the mind,  
 The softest refuge innocence can find,  
 The safe Director of unguided *Youth*,  
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;  
 That Cordial Drop, *Heav'n* in our *Cup* has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down;  
 On which one only blessing *God* might raise  
 In *Lands* of *Atheists* *Subsidies* of praise;  
 For none did e're so dull, and stupid prove,  
 But felt a *God*, and blest his pow'r in love:

This

This only joy, for which poor we were made,  
 Is grown like play to be an Arrant Trade ;  
 The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late  
 As many little *Cheats*, and tricks as that :  
 But yet what more a *Womans* heart would vex,  
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex.  
 Our silly Sex, which born like *Monarchs* free,  
 Turn *Gipsies* for a meaner liberty,  
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy.  
 They call whatever is not common nice,  
 And deaf to *Natures Rules*, or *Loves* advice,  
 Forsake the pleasure to pursue the *Vice*.  
 To an exact perfection they have brought  
 The action Love, the passion is forgot ;  
 'Tis below *wit*, they say, if we admire,  
 And ev'n without approving they desire :  
 Their private wish obeys the publick voice,  
 'Twixt good, and bad, whimsy decides not choice ;  
 Fashion's grown up to tast, at forms they strike,  
 They know what they would have, not what they  
 like.

Bovy's a *Beauty*, if some few agree  
 To call him so, the rest to that degree,      Sir  
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.      R .  
 Where I was visiting the other *Night*,      B .  
 Comes a fine *Lady* with her humble *Knight* ;  
 Who had prevail'd with her through her own skill ,  
 At his request, though much against his will,  
 To come to *London*-----  
 As the *Coach* stopt, I heard her voice more loud,  
 Than a great *Bellied Woman's* in a *Crowd* ;



Telling the *Knight*, that her affairs require,  
 He for some hours, obsequiously retire.  
 I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,  
 (Hard fate of *Husband*, the *Gallant* had been,  
 Tho' a diseas'd, ill-favour'd *Fool*, brought in )  
 Dispatch, says she, the bus'ness you pretend,  
 Your Beastly visit, to your drunkn *Friend* ;  
 A Bottle, ever makes you look so fine ;  
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of *Wine* :  
 Your *Country* drinking Breath's enough to kill,  
 Sowr Ale, corrected with a *Lemmon-Pill*.  
 Prithee farewell, we'll meet again anon,  
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.  
 She flies up stairs, and all the hast does show,  
 That fifty *Antick Postures* will allow.  
 And then bursts out----Dear Madam am not I  
 The strangest alter'd Creature ! let me die,  
 I find my self ridiculously grown  
 Embarrass'd, with my being out of Town .  
 Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,  
 My Country nakedness is strangely seen.  
 How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state,  
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late ?  
 When I was marri'd, Fools were All-a-mode,  
 The Men of Wit were then held incommode,  
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,  
 Who, e're they'll be perswaded, must enquire,  
 As if they came to spy, not to admire. }  
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease  
 They find out why, what, may, and shou'd not please.  
 Nay take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,  
 Make them think better of us than we are :

And if we hide our frailties from their sights,  
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites;  
 They little guess ( who at our Arts are griev'd )  
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd :  
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds grow,  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 What being known, creates their certain woe.  
 Women shou'd these of all Mankind avoid,  
 For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd,  
 Woman, who is an Arrant Bird of Night,  
 Bold in the dusk, before a Fools dull fight.  
 Must fly, when Reason brings the blazing light.  
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire  
 Himself, trusts us ; his follies all conspire  
 To flatter his, and favour our desire :  
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease  
 Believes We love him best, who best can please :  
 On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,  
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass ;  
 Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind  
 Perceive us false, the Fop himself is blind,  
 Who doting on himself, -----  
 Thinks ev'ry on that sees him of his Mind.  
 These are true Womens Men : here forc'd to cease,  
 Through want of breath, not will to hold her  
 peace ;  
 She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd,  
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd :  
 With forty smiles, as many Antick bows,  
 As if it had been the Lady of the House,  
 The dirty chatt'ring Monster she imbrac'd;  
 And made it this fine tender Speech at last.



*Kiss me! thou curious Miniature of Man.*  
*How odd! thou art how pretty! how japan!*  
*Oh I could live and dye with thee! then on*  
*For half an hour in Complements she ran,*  
*I took this time to think what Nature meant,*  
*When this mixt thing into the World she sent*  
*So very wise, yet so impertinent:*  
*One that knows ev'ry thing; that God thought fit,*  
*Should be an Ass; through choice, not want of wit.*  
*Whose Foppery, without the help of sense,*  
*could ne're have rise to such an excellence.*  
*Natur's as lame in making a true Fop,*  
*As a Philosopher; the very top*  
*And dignity of folly we attain*  
*By studious search, and labour of the Brain;*  
*By Observation, Council, and deepe thought,*  
*God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat;*  
*We owe that Name to Industry, and Arts;*  
*An eminent Fool must be a Man of parts:*  
*And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're*  
*As many Books as Men, lov'd much, read more;*  
*Had a discerning Wit, to her was known*  
*Ever'y ones fault, or merit, but her own:*  
*All the good Qualities, that ever blest*  
*A Woman, so distinguish'd from the rest,*  
*Except discretion only, she possesst.*  
*But now Mon cher, dear Pug, says she, adieu!*  
*And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.*  
*You smile to see me, whom the World perebance*  
*Mistakes to have some wit so far advance*  
*The interest of Fools, that I approve*  
*Their merit more than Men of wit in love.*

*But*

But in our Sex too many proofs there are  
 Of such whom Wits undoe, and Fools repair :  
 This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,  
 Hardly a Wench in Town, but had her Fool ;  
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown  
 The jeast and scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffon ;  
 Had yet left charms enough to have subdu'd  
 Some Fop, or other fond to be thought lov'd.  
 F--- could make an Irish Lord a Nokes ;  
 And B--- M--- had her City-Cokes.  
 A Woman's ne're so ruin'd, but she can  
 Be still reveng'd on her undoer, Man.  
 How list so e're she'll find some Lover more,  
 A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.  
 That wretched thing Corinna who has run R,  
 Through all the several ways of being undone,  
 Couzen'd at first by love, and living then,  
 By turning the too dear-bought cheat on Man,  
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,  
 When first the Town, here early Beauties knew ;  
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,  
 Youth in her Cheeks, and pleasure in her Bed.  
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel thought it fit  
 To make her doat upon a Man of Wit,  
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,  
 Made his ill natur'd jeast, and went away :  
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,  
 She's a Memento Mori to the rest.  
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown,  
 Must Mortgage her Long Scarf, and Mantoe-Gown.  
 Poor Creature ! who unheard of as a Fly,  
 In some dark hole must all the Winter lye.

And



*And want she must endure a whole half year,  
 That for one Month she Tawdry may appear :  
 In Easter Term, she gets her a new Gown,  
 When my young Masters Worship comes to Town ;  
 From Pedagogue, and Mother just set free,  
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family ;  
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef the Countrey rules,  
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools,  
 And still with carefull prospect to maintain,  
 This Character, least crossing of the Strain  
 Shou'd mend the Booby Breed, his Friends provide,  
 A Couzen of his own to be his Bride.*

*And thus set out -----*

*With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,  
 ( The solid comforts of a Coxcombs life )  
 Dunghill, and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,  
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.  
 Nothing sues worse with Vice, than want of sense,  
 Fools are still wicked, at their own expence.  
 This o're-grown School-Boy lost Corinna wins,  
 And at first dash to make an Ass begins.  
 Pretends to like a Man, that has not know,  
 The vanities, nor Vices of the Town.  
 Fresh in his youth and faithful in his love,  
 Eager of joys, which he does seldome prove,  
 Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,  
 But what the fair one, he adores, can cure :  
 Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,  
 And Libels none, for being kind to him.  
 Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,  
 Rails at the Wits, and Athiests, and maintains,*

'Tis better than good sense, than Pow'r, or Wealth,  
 To have a Bloud untainted, youth and health.  
 The ill-bred Puppy who had never seen  
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine ;  
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in debt,  
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the Antient Seat,  
 To buy this Mistress a new House for Life ;  
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.  
 And when to the height of fondness he is grown,  
 'Tis time to poyson him, and all her own.  
 Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,  
 He leaves her Bastard Heir to his Estate ;  
 And as the Race of such an Owl deserves  
 His own dull lawful Progeny he starves.  
 Nature, who never made a thing in vain,  
 But does each Insect to some end ordain.  
 Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools no doubt  
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.  
 Thus she ran on two hours ; some grains of sense,  
 Still mixt with Volleys of impertinence.  
 But now 'tis time I should some pity shew  
 To Chlae, since I cannot chuse but know ;  
 Readers must reap the dullness, Writers sow. }  
 By the next Post I will such Stories tell,  
 As, joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell ;  
 Truer than Heav'n, more infamous than Hell :  
 But you are tir'd, and so am I,----

Farewel.

The



*The Imperfect Enjoyment.*

**N**aked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,  
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over charms,  
 Both equally inspir'd with eager fire,  
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire ;  
 With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,  
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her  
*Face,*

The nimble *Tongue* ( *Love's* lesser lightning ) plaid  
 Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd.  
 Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw  
 The *All-dissolving Thunderbolt* below.  
 My flutt'ring *Soul* sprung with a pointed kiss,  
 Hangs hov'ring o're her *Balmy Limbs* of Bliss.  
 But whilst her busie hand would guide that part,  
 Which should convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*.  
 In liquid *Raptures* I dissolve all o're,  
 Melt into *Sperm*, and spend at ev'ry Pore ;  
 A touch from any part of her had don't,  
 Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very look's a *Cunt*.  
 Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,  
 And from her *Body* wipes the clammy joys ;  
 When with a thousand kisses wand'ring o're,  
 My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more ?  
 She cries: *All this to Love, and Rapture's due,*  
*Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too ?*  
 But I the most forlorn, lost *Man* alive,  
 To shew my wisht obedience vainly strive,  
 I sigh, alas ! and kiss, but cannot Swive.

}  
 Eager

Eager desires confound my first intent,  
 Succeeding shame does more success prevent,  
 And *Rage* at last confirms me impotent.  
 Ev'n her fair *Hand*, which might bid heat return  
 to frozen *Age*, and make cold *Hermits* burn,  
 Apply'd to my dead *Cindar*, warms no more,  
 Than *Fire* to *Ashes* could past *Flames* restore.  
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber dry,  
 A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I lye.  
 This *Dart* of *Love*, whose piercing point oft try'd,  
 With *Virgin* blood ten thousand *Maids* has dy'd.  
 Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,  
 That it through ev'ry *C---t* reacht ev'ry *Heart*.  
 Stiffly resolv'd, 'twould carelessly invade  
*Woman*, or *Boy*, nor ought its fury staid,  
 Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found, or made.  
 Now languid lyes in this unhappy hour,  
 Shrunk up, and sapless like a wither'd *Flow'r*.  
 Thou treacherous, base deserter of my flame,  
 False to my passion, fatal to my *Fame*;  
 By what mistaken *Magick* dost thou prove,  
 So true to lewdness, so untrue to *Love*?  
 What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,  
 Didst thou e're fail in all thy *Life* before?  
 When *Vice*, *Disease*, and *Scandal* lead the way,  
 With what officious hast dost thou obey?  
 Like a rude roaring *Hector* in the *Streets*,  
 That *Scuffles*, *Cuffs*, and *Ruffles* all he meets;  
 But if his *King*, or *Country* claim his Aid,  
 The *Rascal Villain* shrinks, and hides his head:  
 Ev'n so thy *Brutal Valour* is displaid,  
 Breaks ev'ry *Stems*, does each small *Whore* invade,  
 But.



}

Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 9.

OH Love ! how cold, and slow to take my  
part,  
Thou idle *Wanderer* about my *Heart*.  
Why thy *Old* faithful *Souldier* wilt thou see  
Opprest : in thy own *Tents* they murder me.  
Thy *Flames* consume, thy *Arrows* piercethy *Friends*:  
Rather on *Foes* pursue more noble ends.  
*Achilles* Sword would gen'rously bestow,  
A *Cure* as certain as it gave the blow.

**Hunters**

Hunters, who follow flying Game give o're,  
 When the Prey's caught, hope still leads on before;  
 We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,  
 Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy *Foes*  
 On *Men* disarm'd, how can you gallant prove?  
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.  
 Millions of dull *Men* live, and scornful *Maids*,  
 We'll own *Love* valiant when he these invades.  
 Rome from each *Corner* of the wide *World* snatch'd  
 A *Laurel*, or't had been to this day thatch'd.  
 But the Old *Souldier* has his resting place,  
 And the good batter'd *Horse* is turn'd to *Grass*.  
 The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to please,  
 Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her ease.  
 For me then, who have freely spent my *Bloud*  
 ( *Love* ) in thy service, and so boldly stood  
 In *Celia's* *Trenches*; weren't not wisely done  
 E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?  
 No----might I gain a *God-head* to disclaim  
 My glorious *Title* to my endless flame:  
 Divinity with scorn I would forſwear,  
 Such ſweet, dear, tempting *Devils Women* are.  
 When e're thoſe flames grow faint, I quickly find  
 A fierce black *Storm* pour down upon my *Mind*.  
 Head-long I'm hurl'd like *Horse Men*, who in vain  
 Their fury-foaming *Courſers* would refrain,  
 As *Ships*, juſt when the *Harbour* they attain,  
 Are ſnatcht by ſudden *Blaſts* to *Sea* again:  
 So *Loves* fantaſtick ſtorms reduce my *Heart*,  
 Half-reſcu'd, and the *God* reſumes his *Dart*.  
 Strike here, this undefended *Bosome* wound,  
 And for ſo brave a *Conqueſt* be renown'd.

Shafts



Shafts fly so fast to me from every part;  
 You'll scarce discern your *Quiver* from my *Heart*.  
 What *Wretch* can bear a live long Nights dull rest,  
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest !  
*Fool* --- is not sleep the Image of pale *Death* ?  
 There's time for rest when fate has stopt your  
 Breath.

Me may my soft deluding dear deceive;  
 I'm happy in my hopes whilst I believe.  
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide:  
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd:  
 With doubtful steps the *God* of *War* does move  
 By thy example in *Ambiguous Love*.  
 Blown to and fro, like *Down* from thy own *Wing*;  
 Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring?  
 Yet at thy *Mother's*, and thy *Slaves* Request,  
 Fix an *Eternal Empire* in my *Breast* ;  
 And let th' inconstant, charming *Sex*;  
 Whose wilful scorn does *Lovers* vex ;  
 Submit their *Hearts* before thy *Throne*;  
 The *Vassal World* is then thy own.

---

### The disabled Debauchee.

AS some brave *Admiral*, in former *War*,  
 Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage  
 still,  
 Two *Rival Fleets* appearing from a far,  
 Crawls to the top of an adjacent *Hill*.

From

From whence ( with thoughts full of concern ) he  
views

The wise, and daring Conduct of the Fight :  
And each bold Action to his *Mind* renews  
His present glory, and his past delight.

From his fierce *Eyes* flashes of rage he throws,  
As from black *Clouds*, when *Lightning* breaks away,  
Transported, thinks himself amidst his *Foes*,  
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody *Day*.

So when my *Days* of impotence approach,  
And I'm by *Pox*, and *Wine's* unlucky chance,  
Forc'd from the pleasing *Billows* of Debauch,  
On the dull *Shore* of lazy temperance.

My pains at least some respite shall afford,  
Whilst I behold the *Battails* you maintain,  
When *Fleets* of *Glasses* Sail about the *Board*,  
From whose Broad-fides *Volleys* of *Wit* shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of *Honourable Scars*,  
Which my too forward *Valour* did procure,  
Frighten new-Listed *Souldiers* from the *Wars*,  
Past joys have more than paid, what I endure.

Should hopeful *Youths* ( worth being drunk ) prove  
nice,

And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink ;  
'Twould please the *Ghost* of my departed *Vice*,  
If at my *Council* they repent, and drink.



Or should some cold complexion'd *Sot* forbid  
 With his dull *Morals* our *Nights* brisk *Alarms*.  
 I'll fire his *Bloud* by telling what I did,  
 When I was strong, and able to bear *Armes*.

I'll tell of *Whores* Attacqu'd, their *Lords* at home,  
*Barrs* *Quarters* beaten up, and *Fortress* won,  
*Windows* demolisht, *Watches* overcome,  
 And handsome *ills*, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our *Love-fits* *Cloris* be forgot,  
 When each the well-look'd *Link-Boy* strove t' enjoy  
 And the best *Kiss* was the deciding *Lot*,  
 Whether the *Boy* us'd you, or I the *Boy*

With *Tales* like these, I will such heat inspire,  
 As to important mischief shall incline.  
 I'll make them long some *Ancient Church* to fire,  
 And fear no lewdness the're call'd to by *Wine*.

Thus *States-man-like*, I'll sawcily impose,  
 And safe from danger, *valiantly* advise,  
 Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,  
 And being good for nothing else, be wise.

## The Argument.

*How Tall-Boy, Kill-prick, Suck-prick  
did contend;*

*For Bridegroom Dildoe, Friend did  
fight with Friend ;*

*But Man of God, by Lay-Man called  
Parson,*

*Contriv'd by turns how each might rub  
her Arse on.*

**S**AY Heav'n born Muse, for onely thou canst tell,  
How discord dize, between two *Widows* tell ;  
What made the *Fair One*, and her well-shap'd *Mother*,  
*Duty* forget, and pious *Nature* smother?

Who was most modest, virtuous and fair,  
Was not the cause of contest I dare swear,  
Nor wit, nor breeding rais'd this emulation ;  
Those things with them are trifles out of fashion.  
Great was the strife, rais'd up by envious *Fate*,  
To ruine *Pego's* happy *Reign*, and *State*.

When R--- with evil Eye beheld (swell'd.  
The Three dear *Friends*, his heart with rancour  
That in one *House* they were of one accord,  
Wanton in *Bed*, and *Riotous* at *Board*,  
Preferring *Brawney Groom* to *Spiney Lord*.  
He vow'd to break this *Triple League* of *Love*,  
And from their *Breasts* sweet *Friendship* to remove?



In a foul day from bawdy Bath he flies,  
 To put in act his halst enterprife.  
 Ith' Bow'r of Bliss, where sacred Ballocks dwells,  
 There lives a Hagg, deep-red in Charms, and Spells,  
 Philters, and Potions, that by Magick skill,  
 Can give an Eunuch Stones, and Cunt its fill.  
 Babes, at her call, fly from the breeding Womb,  
 With Neighbour-Turd, in loathsome Jakes to roame.  
 As oft as Finger, Dildoe, Pego rape  
 The Virgin Hymen, she repairs the Gap.  
 Fam'd through the World for the C---t---mending  
 Trade;

To her he goes t' implore her mighty Aid,  
 By Men she's call'd the Mother of the Maids.  
 Hail worthy Dame (said he) repleat with grace,  
 Mother oth' Maids, Daughter of noble Race!  
 Whilst Men of God to Betty Bewdly's go.  
 Whilst Prick, and Pen with White, and Black does  
 flow,

My lasting Verse shall magnifie thy fame,  
 And melting Tarsc adore thy holy name.  
 Therefore dear Mother lend thine equal Ear  
 To my complaint, and favour my just Prayer.  
 There is a place, a Down, a gloomy Vale;  
 Where burthen'd Nature lays her nasty Tail;  
 Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort  
 For ease, disease, for Litchery, and sport:  
 Thither two Beldames, and a jelling Wife  
 Came to swive off the tedious hours of Life:  
 I willing to contribute to their joy,  
 Offer'd my Myte to th' young unsatiate Toy,  
 Who banish'd Cuck, 'cause Cunt he could not cloy.

The  
 Bath.

Her

Her upright Dame Kill-prick, the wise old Jew,  
 Told me I must twelve times her Womb bedew,  
 Ere her Child Suck-prick should her Buttocks shew.  
 Resolv'd to win, like Hercules, the prize,  
 Twelve Times I scour'd the Kennel 'twixt her Thighs,  
 The cheating Jilt at th' twelfth a Dry-bob cries.  
 My Prick and I, thus crose-bit, in high rage,  
 Appeal'd to th' skilful sticklers on the Stage:  
 With that fair Tall-boy, and bold Suck-prick come,  
 To sequester my Tarse, and pass their final doom:  
 Saying if on Priapus I could shew  
 One holy Relique of kind Pearly Dew,  
 I the twelfth time in Kill-pricks Arse did spew.  
 To their deriding Test I did submit,  
 Priapus squeez'd a Snow-ball did emit;  
 Yet these two partial Dames a Dry-Bob cry,  
 Perform your Bargain ( Peer ! ) or frig, and dye.  
 Thus was I Rook'd of twelve substantial Fucks,  
 By these base, stinking, over-itching Nocks.  
 Your aid, your aid, dear Mother me inspire,  
 With apt revenge to feed my raging fire.

The gracious Matron smiling on him said,  
 Be it as thou d'st, my dear lov'd Lad;  
 For this abuse, the Rump-fed-Runts shall mourn,  
 Till slimy Cunt to grimy Arse-hole turn.

By her Caves Mouth, a verdant Mistle grows,  
 Bearing Loves Trophies on his sacred Boughs.  
 The Crowns of Kings were offer'd to this Shrine,  
 Dildoes, and Merkins of the Royal Line,  
 Fair Ladies hearts, with Mired Pricks transfixt,  
 In Mystick manner make the Crucifix.



To th' Tree she leads him, from a Bough pulls  
down,

A mighty Tool, a *Dildo* of Renown ;  
A *Dildo*, long, and large, as *Hector's Lance*,  
Inscribed, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense* :  
*Knight* of the *Garter* made, for's vast deserts,  
As *Modern Heroe* was for's monstrous parts.

This pious Son ( laid she ) nail up in Box,  
By *Carrier* send it these salt burning Nocks.  
*Directed thus*. To the Lady most deserving,  
Who's made most Slaves, and kept most Pricks from  
Starving

O're-joy'd with hop'd success, away he flies  
To Bath disguis'd, to bear the welcome Prize ;  
But when they saw the Image of Blest Man,  
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran,  
Each for her self to seize't ! no Dog, at Deer,  
Nor Hawk, at *Hern* shew'd such a swift-carriere.  
At once they souse on the beloved Prey,  
And sworn Friends do engage in Mortal Fray.  
Old Kill Prick, dreadful to her Friends, and Foes,  
Like *Luxenburgh*, in Back, and Breast plate shews.  
*Gigantick Tall-boy*, famed in the West,  
For *Cornish-Hugg*, to th' fight her self address ;  
Whilst the Child *Suck-Prick*, hop'd to steal away,  
By Stratagem, the glory of the Day.  
But all in vain, *Tall-boy*, with one hand held,  
*Jove's Prize*, with th' other crafty *Suck Prick* fell'd :  
But looks, nor menaces, nor crushing blow,  
Could make stout *Kill-prick* quit her lov'd *Dildo* :  
Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel Fight,  
For Conquest scratcht, and tore with all her might.  
So

So have I seen a crump-back *Crablouse* stick  
 With fervent love, to lick creating *Prick*;  
 The more he pulls, the more the loving *Wretch*  
 Does strive to stay, and at each *Hair* does catch:  
 Till murdering *Man* enrag'd, from *Ballicks* tears  
 The *Nock-born-Brat*, and ends his hopeful years.  
 So had it far'd with *Kill Prick*, had not *Fate*  
 Sent *Man of God*, to end the dire debate.

*What rage, what fury (said he) do ye Sir,*  
*To shed the bloud of Saints, in civil War?*  
*How well you make the Mother Church to mourn,*  
*And to Fanaticks be the publick scorn?*  
*For shame, dear souls, reserve your noble blood,*  
*To spend with Man. Abasht the Warriors stood,*  
*To see the holy Father in the place,*  
*But strait on the matter putting a good face?*  
*Thus Kill Prick spake.*

*To you O Reverend Sir*  
*The justness of this Cause I will transfer:*  
*A Cause too great for Lay-men vile to try,*  
*Fit for Plus Ultras deep Divinity;*  
*A Cause, for which bl ss Saints above would dye!*  
 The modest *Tall-boy* so devout appears,  
 Though stealing *Pricks*, you'd think she said her  
     *Pray'rs;*  
 And though sh'had almost won the bloody *Field*  
 With *Suck Prick* (*Babe of Grace*) to this does yield:  
 The case being stated, holy *Man* does pray,  
 For a blessing on's endeavours, then does say;  
*Whereas Sage Matrons you do all agree,*  
*Your case to yield to my integrity,*  
*Fitter for general Council, than weak me,*



Dildo's a lawful Tool, deny't who can,  
 I'll prove, 'tis made for a meet help for Man;  
 As unt' Rector, Curate is Assistant,  
 So Dildo's to faln Prick, when Cunt has pist on't.  
 But here's the Elect, ordain'd for Propagation,  
 Who trusts in this is blest in Generation;  
 This has done more, than Tunbridge, Bath or Epsom,  
 Though ne're so barren, this is sure to help 'em.

Then pulling out the Rector of the Females,  
 Nine times he bath'd him in their piping hot Tails.  
 Panting (quoth he) now peace be on ye all,  
 When I am absent then on Dildo call;  
 As those in holy Church to Image pray,  
 When wonder-working Saint is out oth' way.  
 Thus all well-pleas'd, to Church away they go,  
 To sing Te Deum for their dear Dildo.

### An Allusion to Horace.

The Tenth Satyr of the first Book.

*Nempe inconposito Dixi pede, &c.*

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I said D--- Rhimes,  
 Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many  
 times;  
 What foolish Patron is there found of his,  
 So blindly partial to deny me this?

But

But that his *Plays*, embroider'd up, and down  
 With *Wit*, and *Learning*, justly pleas'd the *Town*,  
 In the same *Paper*, I as freely own.  
 Yet having this allow'd, the heavy *Mass*,  
 That stuffs up his loose *Volumes*, must not pass:  
 For by that *Rule*, I might as well admit,  
*Crown's* tedious *Scenes*, for Poetry, and *Wit*.  
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense  
 Hits the false judgment of an *Audience*  
 Of clapping *Fools*, assembling a vast *Crowd*,  
 Till the throng'd *Play-house* crack with the dull  
 Though ev'n that *Talent* merits in some sort, (load,  
 That can divert the *Rabble*, and the *Court*.  
 Which blundering *S---* never cou'd attain,  
 And puzzling *O---* labours at in vain.  
 But within due proportion circumscribe  
 What e're you write; that with a flowing *Tide*,  
 The *Stile* may rise, yet in its rise forbear  
 With useless words t'oppress the wear'd *Ear*.  
 Here be your *Language* lofty, there more light,  
 Your *Rethorick* with your *Poetry* unite:  
 For *Elegance* sake, sometime allay the force  
 Of *Epithets*, 'twill loosen the discourse;  
 A jest in scorn, points out, and hits the thing  
 More home, than the *Morosest Satyr's* sting.  
*Shake-spear*, and *Johnson* did herein excel,  
 And might in this be imitated well;  
 Whom refin'd *E---* copies not at all,  
 But is himself a sheer *Original*.  
 Not that slow *Drudge*, in swift *Pindarick* strains,  
*F---*, who *C---* imitates with pains,  
 And rides a jaded *Muse*, whipt with loose *Reins*.  
 When



When *Lee* makes temp'rate, *Scipio* fret and rave,  
 And *Hannibal* a whining Amorous Slave,  
 I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd *Fustian Fool*,  
 In B — hands, to be well lasht at School.  
 Of all our *Modern Wits*, none seems to me  
 Once to have touch'd upon true *Comedy*,  
 But hasty *Shadwell*, and slow *Wicherley*,  
*Shadwell's* unfinish'd works do yet impart,  
 Great proofs of force of *Nature*, none of *Art*:  
 With just bold strokes he dashes here, and there,  
 Shewing great *Mastery*, with little care;  
 And scorns to varnish his good *Touches* o're,  
 To make the *Fools*, and *Women* praise 'em more.  
 But *Wicherley* earns hard, what e're he gains,  
 He wants no judgment, nor he spares no pains,  
 He frequently excels, and at the least,  
 Makes fewer faults, than any of the best.  
*Waller*, by Nature for the Bays design'd,  
 With force, and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,  
 In *Panegyrick* does excel *Mankind*.  
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,  
 To praise great *Conquerors*, or to flatter *Kings*.  
 For pointed *Satyr*s, I wou'd *Buckhurst* chuse,  
 The best good *Min*, with the worst-natur'd *Muse*:  
 For *Songs*, and *Verses*, mannerly obscene,  
 That can stir *Nature* up by springs unseen,  
 And without forcing blushes warm the *Queen*.  
*Sidley* has that prevailing gentle *Art*,  
 That can with a resistless Charm impart,  
 The loosest wishes, to the chastest heart:  
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a *Fire*,  
 Betwixt declining *Virtue*, and *Desire*;

Till the poor vanquish'd *Maid* dissolves away  
In *Dreams* all *Night*, in *Sighs*, and *Tears* all *day*.

D--- in-vain try'd this nice way of wit,  
For he to be a tearing *Blade* thought fit.  
But when he wou'd be sharp, he still was blunt,  
To frisk his frolique fancy, he'd cry C--t.  
Wou'd give the *Ladies* a dry *Bandy* bob,  
And thus he got the name of *Poet Squab*.  
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,  
His *Excellencies* more than faults abound :  
Nor dare I from his sacred *Temples* tear,  
That *Laurel*, which he best deserves to wear.  
But does not D----- find ev'n *Johnson* dull?  
*Fletcher* and *Beaumont*, uncorrect, and full:  
Of lewd *Lines*, as he calls 'em? *Shak* *spears* *stile*  
Stiff, and affected; to his own the while,  
Allowing all the justness, that his pride,  
So arrogantly had to these deni'd?  
And may not I have leave impartially,  
To search, and censure D---'s *Works*, and try,  
If those gross faults, his choice *Pen* does commit,  
Proceed from want of *Judgement*, or of *wit*?  
Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse,  
*Spirit*, and *Grace* to his loose flattern *Muse*?  
Five hundred *Verses*, ev'ry *Morning* writ,  
Prove you no more a *Poet*, than a *Wit*:  
Such scribbling *Authors* have been seen before  
*Mustapha*, the *English Princess*, for y more,  
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.  
To write what may securely stand the *Test*,  
Of being well read over *Thrice* at least;

Compare



Compare each *Phrase*, examine ev'ry *Line*,  
 Weigh ev'ry *word*, and ev'ry *thought* refine;  
 Scorn all applause, the vile *Rout* can bestow,  
 And be content to please those few, who know.  
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,  
 To wish thy *Works* might make a *Play-house* ring  
 With the unthinking laughter, and poor praise,  
 Of *Fops*, and *Ladies*, factious for thy *Plays*?  
 Then send a cunning *Friend* to learn thy doom,  
 From the shrew'd Judges of the *Drawing Room*.  
 I've no *Ambition* on that idle score,  
 But say with Betty M--- heretofore,  
 When a *Court Lady* call'd her B---, *Whore*;  
 I please one *Man of Wit*, am proud on't too,  
 Let all the *Coxcombs* dance to bed to you.  
 Shou'd I be troubled when the Pur-blind *Knight*,  
 Who squints more in his judgment, than his sight,  
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?  
 Or when the poor fed *Poets* of the *Town*  
 For Scraps, and Coach-room cry my *Verses* down?  
 I loath the *Rabble*, 'tis enough for me,  
 If S---, S---, S---, W---,  
 G---, B---, B---, B---,  
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,  
 Approve my sense; I count their censure shame.

## In defence of Satyr.

When *Shakes. Johns. Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,  
They took so bold a freedom with the  
Age,

That there was scarce a *Knave*, or *Fool* in Town,  
Of any Note, but had his *Picture* shown:  
And (without doubt) though some it may offend,  
Nothing helps more than *Satyr*, to amend  
Ill manners, or is trulier *Virtues Friend*.

*Princes* may *Laws* ordain, *Priests* gravely *Preach*,  
But *Poets* most successfully will teach.

For as a *Passing Bell*, frights from his *Meat*,  
The greedy *Sick-man*, that too much would *Eat*,  
So when a *Vice* ridiculous is made,

Our *Neighbour's* shame keeps us from growing bad.

But wholesome Remedies few *Palates* please,

*Men* rather love, what flatters their Disease,

*Pimps*, *Parasites*, *Buffoons*, and all the Crew,

That under *Friendships* name, weak man undo;

Find their false service, kindlier understood,

Than such as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.

Look where you will, and you shall hardly find,

A *Man* without some *Sickness* of the *Mind*.

In vain we *Wise* would seem, while ev'ry *Lust*,

*Whisks* us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the *Dust*.

Here for some needles *Gain* a *Wretch* is hurl'd,

From *Pole* to *Pole*, and *Slav'd* about the *World*.

While



While the reward of all his pains, and care  
Ends in that detpicable Thing, his *Hetr*.

There a vain *Fop* Mortgages all his Land,  
To buy that gawdy *Play-thing*, a *Command*,  
To ride a *Cock-Horse*, wear a *Scarlat's Ar.c.*,  
And play the *Pudding* in a *May-day Farce*.

Here one whom God to make a *Fool* thought fit,  
In spite of *Providence*, will be a *Wit*.

But wanting strength, t' uphold his ill made choice,  
Sets up with lewdness, blasphemy, and noise.

There at his *Mrs.*-feet a *Lover* lies,  
And for a twadrey painted *Baby* dies.

Falls on his knees, adores, and is afraid  
Of the vain *Idol*, he himself has made.

These and a thousand *Fools* unmention'd here;

Hate *Poets* all, because they *Poets* fear,

Take heed ( they cry ) yonder *Mad D g* will bite;

He cares not whom he falls on in his fit;

Come but in's way, and strait a new *Lampoon*

Shall spread your mangled *Fame* about the *Town*.

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all?

My *Pen* is dipt in no such bitter *Gall*.

• He that can rail at one, he calls his *Friend*;

Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend;

Who for the sake of some ill-natur'd jest,

Tells what he shou'd conceal, invents the rest;

To fatal *Mid-night* quarrels can betray,

His brave *Companion*, and then run away;

Leaving him to be murder'd in the *Street*,

Then put it off with some *Buffoon* conceit;

This, this is he, you shou'd beware of all;

Yet him a pleasant, witty *Man* you call

To whet your dull Debauches up and down,  
You seek him as top Fidler of the Town.

But if I laugh when the Court-Coxcombs show,  
To see that Booby Sotus dance Provee.  
Or chatt'ring Porus, from the side-Box grin,  
Trickt like a Ladies Monkey, new made clean.  
To me the name of Railer strait you give,  
Call me a Man, that knows not how to live.

But Wenches to their Keepers, true shall turn,  
Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn,  
Great States-men, flattery, and Clinches hate,  
And long in Office, die without Estate.  
Against a Bribe, Court Judges, shall decide,  
The City Knavery want, the Clergy Pride.  
E're that black Malice in my Rhimes you find,  
That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.  
But then perhaps you'll say, why do you write?  
What you think hamlets Mirth, the World thinks  
Spight.

Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a lash,  
At Simius, the Buffoon, or Cully bash?  
What is't to you, if Alidore's fine Whore,  
Fucks with some Fop, whilst he's shut out of Door?  
Consider, pray, that dang'rous Weapon Wit,  
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit,  
Whip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town,  
And straight his Fellow Curs the Quarrel own.  
Each Knave or Fool, that's conscious of a Crime,  
Though he escapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,  
But who has not some Folly to pursue;



*Milo* turn'd *Quixot*, fanci'd *Battails Fights*,  
When the *Fifth Bottle* has encreas'd the *Lights*.

*War-like Dirt-Pyes* our *Heroe Paris* forms,  
Which desp'rate *Bassus* without *Armour* forms.

*Cornus*, the kindest *Husband*, e're was born,  
Still Courts the *Spark*, that does his *Brows* adorn.  
Invites him home to dine, and fills his *Veins*,  
With the hot *Bloud*, which his dear *Doxy* drains.

*Grandio* thinks himself a *Beau-Garcon*,  
Goggles his *Eyes*, writes *Letters* up and down;  
And with his sawcy *Love* plagues all the *Town*.  
While pleas'd to have his *Vanity* thus fed,  
He's caught with *Gosnal* that *Old Hog* a *Bed*.  
But shou'd I all the crying *Follies* tell,  
That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his *Cell*,  
I to my *Reader* shou'd as tedious prove,  
As that *Old Spark*, *Albanus*, making love:  
Or florid *Roscius*, when with some smooth *flam*,  
He gravely on the publick tryes to sham.

Hold then my *Muse*, 'tis time to make an end,  
Least taxing others, thou thy self offend.  
The *World's* a *Wood*, in which all lose their way,  
Though by a different *Path*, each goes *Astray*.

*On the supposed Author of a late Poem  
in defence of Satyr.*

**T**O rack, and torture thy unmeaning Brain,  
In Satyr's praise, to a low untun'd strain,  
In thee was most impertinent and vain.  
When in thy Person, we more clearly see;  
That Satyr's of Divine Authority,  
For God made one on Man, when he made thee:  
To shew there were some Men, as there are Apes.  
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:  
In thee are all these contradictions joyn'd,  
That make an Ass, prodigious and refin'd.  
A lump deform'd, and shapeless wert thou born;  
Begot in Loves despight, and Natures scorn;  
And art grown up, the most ungrateful Wight;  
Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the sight,  
Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.  
Curse on that silly hour, that first inspir'd,  
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;  
To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dress;  
And all those Awkward Follies that express,  
Thy loathsome Love, and filthy daintiness.  
Who needs will be an Ugly Beau-Garcon,  
Spit at, and shun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town;  
Where dreadfully Loves Scare Crows, thou art plac'd  
To fright the tender Flock, that long to taste:  
While ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear,  
Starts back for shame, and strait turns chaste for  
fear.



For none so poor, or *Prostitute* have prov'd,  
 Where you made love, t'endure to be belov'd.  
 Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;  
 But thy half *Wit*, will ne're let thee be wise:  
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,  
 Half-honest ( which is very much a *Knave*. )  
 Made up of all these Halfs, thou canst not pass,  
 For any thing intirely, but an *Ass*.

---

### *The Answer.*

**R**ail on poor feeble *Scribler*, speak of me,  
 In as bad Terms, as the *World* speaks of  
 thee.  
 Sit swelling in thy Hole like a vext *Toad*,  
 And full of *Pox* and *Malice*, spit abroad.  
 Thou canst hurt no *Man's Fame*, with thy ill word,  
 Thy Pen is full as harmless as thy *Sword*.

---

### *Seneca's Troas, Act. 2. Chorus.*

**A**fter Death, nothing is, and Nothing, Death,  
 The utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath:  
 Let the ambitious Zealot, lay aside,  
 His hopes of *Heav'n* ( where Faith is but his Pride )  
 Let *Slavish Souls*, lay by their Fear,  
 Nor be concern'd, which way, nor where.

After

( 51 )

After this Life they shall be hurl'd,  
Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *World*;  
And to that *Mass* of *Matter* shall be swept,  
Where things Destroy'd, with things Unborn, are  
Devouring Time swallows us whole, (kept:  
Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*.  
For *Hell*, and the foul *Friend*, that rules,  
God's everlasting fiery *Goales*,  
Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*;  
( With his grim griezly *Dog*, that kees the *Door* )  
Are senseless *Stories*, idle *Tales*,  
*Dreams*, *Whimseys*, and no more.

---

### Upon Nothing.

1.

Nothing thou *El der Brother* ev'n to shade,  
Thou hadst a Being, e're the *World* was made,  
And ( well fixt ) are alone of ending not afraid.

2.

E're time, and place, were, time, and place, were not,  
When *Primitive Nothing*, something strait begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great united--What?

3.

Something, the gen'ral *Attribute* of all,  
Sever'd from thee, its sole *Original*,  
Into thy boundless self, must undistinguish'd fall

D 2

4. Yet



4.  
Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,  
And from thy fruitful emptinesses hand,  
Snatcht Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

5.  
Matter the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,  
By form assisted, flew from thy embrace,  
And Rebel Light, obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.  
With form, and Matter, time, and place, did joyn,  
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruine all thy Line.

7.  
But Turn-Coat Time, assists the Foe in vain,  
And brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,  
And to thy hungry Womb, drives back thy Slaves  
( again.

8.  
Tho Mysteries are barr'd from Laick-Eyes,  
And the Divine alone with Warant pryès,  
Into thy Bosome, where thy truth in private lyes.

9.  
Yet this of thee, the wise may freely say,  
Thou from the Virtuous, nothing tak'st away,  
And to be part of thee, the Wicked wisely pray.

10.

Great *Negative*, how vainly would the *Wise*,  
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,  
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*

11.

Is, or is not, the Two great ends of *Fate*,  
 And true, or false, the subject of debate,  
 That perfect, or destroy, the vast designs of *Fate*.

12.

When they have rack'd the *Politicians* Breast,  
 Within thy *Bosom*, most securely rest,  
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe, and best.

13.

But *Nothing*, why does something still permit,  
 That Sacred *Monarchs*, should at *Council* sit,  
 With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *Nothing* fit,

14.

Whil'st weighty *Something*, modestly abstains,  
 From *Princes* *Coffers*, and from *States-mens* Brains,  
 And *Nothing* there, like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

*Nothing* who dwel'st with *Fools*, in grave disguise,  
 For whom thy Reverend shapes, and forms devise  
*Lawn-sleeves*, & *Furrs*, & *Gowns*, when they like thee  
 (look wise.



*French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,  
Hybernians Learning, Scotch Civility,  
Spaniards dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in*  
( thee.

17.

The great *Mans* gratitude, to his best *Friend*,  
*Kings* Promises, *Whores* Vows, towards thee they  
bend.

Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

---

*Upon his leaving his Mistress,*

**T**Is not that I'm weary grown,  
Of being yours, and yours alone,  
But with what *Face* can I incline,  
To damn you to be only mine?  
You whom some kinder *Pow'r* did fashion,  
By merit and by inclination,  
The joy at least of one whole *Nation*,

Let meaner *Spirits* of your *Sex*,  
With humbler aims, their thoughts perplex,  
And boast if by their arts they can,  
Contrive to make one happy *Man*;  
Whilst mov'd by an impartial *Sense*,  
*Favours* like *Nature* you dispense,  
With *Universal* influence.

See the kind Seed receiving Earth;  
 To e'vry Grain affords a Birth;  
 On her no Showrs unwelcome fall,  
 Her willing *Womb*, retains 'em all,  
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?  
 No, live up to thy mighty *Mind*,  
 And be the Mistriss of *Mankind*.

---

*Song.*

**I**N the *Fiel's* of *Lincolns-Inn*,  
 Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,  
 On a *Flock-Bed*, *God* be thanked,  
 Feats of active Love were leen.

*Philis* who you know loves *Swiving*,  
 As the *Gods* love pious *Prayers*,  
 Lay most pensively contriving,  
 How to Fuck with *Pricks* by pairs.

---

*Coridon's* aspiring *Tarse*,  
 Which to *Cunt*, had we're submitted;  
 Wet with Am'rous *Kiss* she fitted,  
 To her less frequented *Ar---*

*Strephon's* was a handful longer,  
 Stiffly propt with eager *Lust*;  
 None for *Champion* was more stronger,  
 This into her *Cunt* he thrust.



Now for *Civil Wars* prepare,  
 Rais'd by fierce intestine bustle.  
 When these *Heroes* meeting jussle,  
 In the *Bowels* of the fair.

They tilt, and thrust with horrid pudder,  
 Blood, and slaughter is decreed;  
 Hurling Souls at one another,  
 Wrapt in flakey Clotts of Seed.

Nature had 'twixt C---t and A---se,  
 Wisely plac'd firm separation;  
 God knows else what desolation  
 Had ensu'd from *Warring Tarse*.

Though *Fate*, a dismal end did threaten,  
 It prov'd no worse than was desir'd.  
 The *Nymph* was sorely Ballock beaten,  
 Both the *Shepherds* soundly tir'd.

---

### Upon his Drinking Bowl.

**V**ulcan contrive me such a Cup,  
 As *Nestor* us'd of old;  
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,  
 Damask it round with Gold.

Make

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack,  
 Up to the swelling brim;  
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,  
 Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave not Battail on his Cheek,  
 With War, I've nought to do;  
 I'm none of those that took Maestricht,  
 Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no name of Planets tell,  
 Fixt Stars or Constellations;  
 For I am no Sir Sydrophele,  
 Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,  
 Then add Two lovely Boys;  
 Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine,  
 The Type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus, my Saints are,  
 May Drink, and Love, still reign,  
 With Wine I wash away my Cares,  
 And then to Cant again.

Song.



## Song.

**A**S *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts,  
 Beneath a *Willow* lay;  
 Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought,  
 To pass the time away.

She blush'd to be encountred so,  
 And chid the Amorous *Swain*;  
 But as she strove to rise and go,  
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden *Passion* seiz'd her *Heart*,  
 In spite of her disdain;  
 She found a *Pulse* in every part,  
 And *Love* in ev'ry *Vein*.

Ah youth (said she) what *Charms* are these,  
 That conquer and surprise;  
 Ah let me--for unless you please,  
 I have no pow'r to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,  
 For fear he should comply;  
 Her lovely *Eyes*, her *Heart* betray,  
 And gives her *Tongue* the lye.

Thus she, whom *Princes* had deni'd,  
 With all their *Pomp* and *Train*;  
 Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,  
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

## Song.

Quoth the Dutches of Cl---, to Mrs.  
Kn---,

I'd fain have a Prick, but how to come by't,  
I desire you'll be secret, and give your advice,  
Though Cunt be not coy Reputation is nice.

To some Cellar in Sodom, your Grace must retire;  
There Porters with Black Pots, sit round a Coal-fire,  
There open your Case, and your Grace cannot fail,  
Of a douzen of Pricks, for a dozen of Ale.

Is't so? quoth the Ditchest; Ay by God, quoth the  
Whore.

Then give me the Key, that unlocks the Back-dore;  
For I had rather be fuckt by Porters, and Car-men,  
Then thus be abus'd by C---, and G---.

## Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about Two,  
I get drunk before Seven, and the next thing  
I do;

I send for my Whore, When for fear of a Clap,  
I spend in her hand, and I spew in her Lap:  
There we quarrel, and scold, till I fall asleep,

When



When the *Bitch* growing bold, to my pocket does  
creep,

Then flyly she leaves me, and to revenge th' Af-  
front,

At once she bereaves me of *Money*, and *Cunt*.

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed, and drunk,

What a coyle do I make for the loss of my *Punck*?

I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,

And missing my *Whore*, I bugger my *Page* :

Then croplick, all *Morning*, I rail at my *Men*,

And in Bed I lye Yawning, till Eleven again.

### Song.

**L**ove a *Woman* ! y'are an *Ass*,  
'Tis a most insipid Passion,  
To choose out for your Happiness !  
The idlest part of *God's Creation*.

Let the *Porter*, and the *Groome*,  
Things design'd for dirty *Slaves*,  
Drudge in fair *Aurelias Womb*,  
To get supplies for *Age*, and *Graves*.

Farewel *Woman*, I intend,  
Henceforth, ev'ry *Night* to sit,  
With my lew'd well natur'd *Friend*,  
Drinking, to engender *Wit*.

Then give me *Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine*,  
 And it busie *Love* intrenches,  
 There's a sweet soft Page of mine,  
 Does the trick worth *Forty Wenches*.

---

### *Song to Cloris.*

**F**Air *Cloris* in a *Pig-Stye* lay,  
 Her tender *Herd* lay by her,  
 She slept in murm'ring gruntlings, they  
 Complaining of the scorching *Day*,  
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains  
 Her snow Arms employ'd  
 In *Ivory Pails* to fill out *Grains*,  
 One of her Love-convicted *Swayns*,  
 Thus hasting to her cry'd.

Fly *Nymph*! Oh fly! e'r 'tis too late  
 A dear lov'd life to save,  
 Rescue your bosom *Pig* from *Fate*,  
 Who now expires hung in the *Gate*,  
 That leads to yonder *Cave*.

My self had try'd to set him free,  
 Rather than brought the *News*,  
 But I am so abhorr'd by thee,  
 That ev'n thy *Darling's* Life from me,  
 I know thou would'st refuse.



Struck with the News, as quick she flies;  
 As blushes to her Face ;  
 Not the bright *Lightning* from the Skies,  
 Nor *Love* shot from her brighter Eyes,  
 Move half so swift a pace.

This Plot it seems the Lustful Slave,  
 Had laid against her Honour,  
 Which not one God, took care to save,  
 For he pursues her to the Cave,  
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierc'd is her *Virgin Zone*,  
 She feels the *Foe* within it,  
 She hears a broken Am'rous groan,  
 The panting *Lovers* fainting moan,  
 Just in the happy *Minute*,

Frighted she wakes, and waking Friggs.  
 Nature thus kindly eas'd,  
 In dreams rais'd by her murm'ring Piggs;  
 And her own Thumb between her Leggs,  
 She innocent and pleas'd.

Song.

## Song.

**G**ive me leave to rail at you,  
 I ask nothing but my due;  
 To call you false, and then to say,  
 You shall not keep my Heart a day.  
 But alas! against my will,  
 I must be your *Captive* still.  
 Ah! be kinder then, for I  
 Cannot change and would not dye.

Kindness has resistless Charms,  
 All besides, but weakly move,  
 Fiercest Anger it disarms.  
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.  
 Beauty does the Heart invade,  
 Kindness only can periwade;  
 It guilds the Lovers servile Chain,  
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd again.

---

## The Answer.

**N**othing adds to your fond Fire,  
 More than scorn, and cold disdain,  
 I to cherish your desire,  
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You



You insulted on your *Slave*,  
 Humble love you soon refus'd,  
 Hope not then a pow'r to have,  
 Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis*, I will e'r  
 By love my *Empire* loose;  
 You grow constant through despair,  
 Love return'd you would abuse.  
 Though you still possess my *Heart*,  
 Scorn and rigour I must feign.  
 Ah! forgive that only Art,  
 Love has left, your love to gain,

You that could my *Heart* subdue,  
 To new *Conquests* ne'r pretend,  
 Let your example make me true,  
 And of a Conquer'd *Foe* a *Friend*:  
 Then if e'r I should complain,  
 Of your *Empire*, or my *Chain*,  
 Summon all your pow'rful *Charms*,  
 And sell the *Rebel* in your *Arms*.

## Song.

**P***Hillis*, be gentler I advise;  
 Make up for time mispent,  
 When *Beauty* on its *Death-Bed* lies,  
 'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the *Malice* of your *Fate*,  
 That makes you old so soon,  
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,  
 How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is *she*,  
 Whose *Stars*, contrive in spight,  
 The *Morning* of her Love shou'd be,  
 Her fading *Beauties Night*.

Then if to make your ruine more,  
 You'll peevishly be Coy,  
 Die with the scandal of a *Whore*,  
 And never know the joy.

## Song.

**W**hat cruel pains *Corinna* takes,  
 To force that harmless frown,

E

When



When not a Charm her *Face* forsakes,  
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a *Face*, so soft a *Heart*,  
Such *Eyes*, so very kind,  
Betray alas! the silly Art,  
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,  
Wou'd proudly take upon her,  
Against kind *Nature*, to maintain,  
Affected Rules of *Honour*.

The scorn she bears, so helpless proves,  
When I plead passion to her,  
That much she fears, but more she loves,  
Her *Vassa!* shou'd undo her.

---

### *Womans Honour.*

**L**ove bad me hope, and I obey'd,  
*Phillis* continu'd still unkind,  
Then you may e'ne despair, he said,  
In vain I strive to change her *Mind*.

*Honour's* got in, and keeps her *Heart*;  
Durst he but venture once abroad,  
In my own right I'd take your part,  
And shew my self the mightier *God*.

This

This huffing *Honour* domineers,  
 In *Breasts* alone, where he has place;  
 But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,  
 The *Hector* dares not shew his *Face*.

Let me still languish and complain,  
 But most unhumanly deny'd,  
 I have some pleasure in my pain,  
 She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,  
 She lives a *Wretch* for *Honours* sake;  
 Whose *Tyrant* does most cruel prove,  
 The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real *Honour* then,  
 You'll find hers cannot be the same;  
 'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,  
 In *Women*, mean mistrustful shame.

---

### Song.

TO this Moment a *Rebel* I throw down my  
 Arms,  
 Great *Love*, at first sight of *Olinda's*, bright  
 Charms,  
 Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,  
 You may now play the *Tyrant*, as soon as you  
 please.



When *Innocence*, *Beauty*, and *Wit* do conspire,  
 To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire.  
 Why should I decline what I cannot avoid;  
 And let pleasing hope, by base fear be destroy'd.

Here innocence cannot contrive to undo me,  
 Her *Beauty*'s inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?  
 And *Wit*, has to pleasure, been ever a *Friend*, (end.  
 Then what room for despair, since delight is *Lovers*

There can be no danger in sweetness, and youth,  
 Where *Love* is secur'd by good nature and truth.  
 On her *Beauty* I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,  
 While ev'ry kind look adds a *Link* to my *Chain*.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprise,  
 But her *Wit* leads in triumph the *Slaves* of her Eyes,  
 I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,  
 But hearing for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddess*, her *Temple* too weak,  
 Retire divine *Image*, I feel my *Heart* break,  
 Help *Love*! I dissolve in a *Rapture* of *Charms* ( Arms.  
 At the thought of those joys I should meet in her

---

Song.

How happy *Chris* ( were they free )  
 Might our enjoyments prove?  
 But you with former *Jealousie*,  
 Are still tormenting *Love*.

Let us ( since *Wit* instructs us how )  
 Raise pleasure to the top,  
 If *Rival Bottle*, you'll allow,  
 Ile suffer *Rival Fop*.

There's not a brisk insipid *Spark*,  
 That flutters in the *Town*,  
 But with your wanton *Eyes* you mark,  
 The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,  
 How empty, nor how dull,  
 The *Heads* of your Admirers are,  
 So that their *Cods* be full.

All this you freely may confess,  
 Yet we'll not disagree:  
 For did you love your pleasure less,  
 You were not fit for me.

While I my passion to pursue,  
 Am whole *Nights* taking in,  
 The lusty *Juice* of *Grapes*, take you  
 The lusty *Juice* of *Men*.

### Loye and Life, a Song.

**A**LL my past Life is mine no more,  
 The flying hours are gone?  
 Like Transitory *Dreams* giv'n o're,  
 Whose Images are kept in store,  
 By *Memory* alone.

What



What ever is to come, is not,  
 How can it then be mine ?  
 The present *Moment's* all my Lot,  
 And that as fast as it is got,  
*Phillis*, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
 False *Hearts*, and broken *Vows*,  
 If I by *Miracle* can be,  
 This live-long *Minute* true to thee,  
 'Tis all that *Heav'n* allows.

---

### *The Fall, a Song.*

**H**OW blest was the Created State,  
 Of *Man* and *Woman*, ere they fell,  
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate ;  
 We need not fear another Hell.

Naked beneath cool shades they lay,  
 Enjoyment waited on desire.  
 Each *Member* did their will obey,  
 Nor could a wish set pleasure higher.

But we poor *Slaves*, to hope and fear,  
 Are never of our joys secure.  
 They lessen still as they draw near.  
 And none but dull delights endure.

Then

Then *Claris*, while I duty pay,  
 The Nobler Tribute of my Heart.  
 Be not you so severe to say,  
 Yo love me for a frailer part.

---

*Song.*

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,  
 To see a *Wretch* pursuing,  
 In Raptures of a blest amaze,  
 This pleasing happy ruine.  
 'Tis not for pity, that I move,  
 His Fate is too aspiring,  
 Whose Heart, broke with a Load of love,  
 Dyes wishing and admiring.

But if this *Murder* you'd forgo,  
 Your *Slaves* from death removing.  
 Let me your Art of Charming know,  
 Or learn you mine of Loving.  
 But whether Life, or Death betide,  
 In love 'tis equal measure.  
 The *Victor* lives with empty pride,  
 The *Vanquish'd* dye with pleasure.



## Song.

**B**Y all Loves soft, yet mighty Pow'rs,  
 It is a thing unfit,  
 That Men should Fuck in time of Flow'rs;  
 Or when the Smock's beshit.

Fair nasty Nymph, be clean and kind,  
 And all my joys restore;  
 By using Paper still behind,  
 And Sponges for before.

My spotless Flames can ne're decay,  
 If after ev'ry close,  
 My smoaking Prick escape the Fray,  
 Without a Bloudy Nose;

If thou wouldst have me true, be kind,  
 And take to cleanly sinning;  
 None but fresh Lovers Pricks can rise,  
 At Phillis in foul Linnen.

---

## Song.

**R**Oom, room, for a Blade of the *Town*,  
 That takes delight in roaring,  
 And daily rambles up and down,  
 And at Night in the Streets lyes snoring.

That

That for the noble name of Spark,  
Does his *Companions* rally;  
Commits an Outrage in the dark,  
Then slinks into an Alley.

To ev'ry Female that he meets,  
He swears he bears affection,  
Defies all *Laws, Arrests, and Feats,*  
By the help of a kind *Prot & Tim.*  
Then he intending further wrong,  
By some resenting Culley,  
Is decently run through the Lungs,  
And there's an end of Bulley.

---

Song.

A Gainst the Charms our *Balloons* have,  
How weak all human skill is?  
Since they can make a Man a Slave;  
To such a Bitch as *Phyllis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout,  
Allist me *Baw ty Pans* rs,  
I'll write upon a double Clout,  
And dip my Pen in *Flow'rs*.

Her look's demurely impudent,  
Ungainly Beautiful,  
Her Modesty is insolent,  
Her Mirth is pert and dull.



A *Prostitute* to all the *Town*,  
 And yet with no *Man Friends*,  
 She rails, and scolds, when she lies down,  
 And curses when she spends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,  
 Ill natur'd, and a *Whore*,  
 Her *Belly*, is a *Bag of T--ds*,  
 And her *C--t* a common shore.

### Song.

I Cannot change as others do  
 Though you unjustly scorn,  
 Since that poor *Swayn* that sighs for you  
 For you alone was born.  
 No *Phillis*, no, your *Heart* to move,  
 A surer way I'll try,  
 And to revenge my slighted love  
 Will still love on, will still love on, and dye.

When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes,  
 And you to mind shall call,  
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise,  
 The Tears that vainly fall;  
 That welcome hour that ends this smart  
 Will then begin your pain,  
 For such a faithful tender *Heart*  
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

*The Mock-Song.*

**I** Swive as well as others do,  
 I'm young, not yet deform'd,  
 My tender Heart sincere, and true,  
 Deserves not to be scorn'd.  
 Why *Phillis* then, why will you swive,  
 With *Forty Lovers* more?  
 Can I ( said she ) with *Nature* strive,  
 Alas I am, alas I am a *Whore*.

Were all my Body larded o're,  
 With Darts of Love so thick,  
 That you might find in ev'ry *Pore*,  
 A well stuck standing *Prick*;  
 Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,  
 My Heart would never doubt,  
 In Am'rous Rage, and Extasie,  
 To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes *suckt out*.

*Actus*



Actus Primus, Scena Prima,

*Enter Tarsander and Swiveanthe,*

**The Scene, A Bed-Chamber.**

*Tar.* **F**OR standing *Tarses* we kind Nature  
thank,  
'And yet adore those *Cunts* that make 'em  
lank ;

Unhappy *Mortals* ! whose sublimest joy,  
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

*Sm.* Do not thy *Tarfe*, *Natures* best gift, despise,  
That C---t, that made it fall, will make it rise ;  
Thoug it a while the Am'rous Combat shun,  
And seems from mine, into thy *Belly* run ;  
Yet 'twill return, more vigorous, and more fierce,  
Than flaming *Dru-kard*, when he's dy'd in Tierce ,  
It but retires, as losing *Gamesters* do,  
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play anew.

*Tar.* What pleasure has a *Gamester*, if he knows,  
When e're he plays that he must always lose?

*Swi.* What *Pego* loses, 'twere a pain to keep,  
We say not that our Nights are lost in sleep;  
What pleasures we in those soft *Wars* employ,  
We do not waste but to the full enjoy, (*ex. Tarfander.*)

# Enter

## Enter Celia.

*Cel.* Madam, methinks those fleepy Eyes declare;  
 Too lately you have eas'd a Lover's care;  
 I fear you have with interest repaid,  
 Those eager thrusts, which at your *Cunt* he made.  
*Swi.* With force united, my soft Heart he storm'd,  
 Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.  
 She that alone her Lover can withstand,  
 Is more than Woman, or he less than Man. (*Exeunt.*)

---

## The first Letter from B. to Mr. E.

**D**reaming last Night on Mrs. Farley,  
 My Prick was up this Morn'g early;  
 And I was fain without my Gown,  
 To rise i'th cold, to get him down.  
 Hard shift alas, but yet a sure.  
 Although it be no pleasing cure.  
 Of Old, the fair *Aegyptian Slattern*,  
 For *Luxury* that had no Pattern,  
 To fortifie her Roman Swinger,  
 Instead of Nutmegs, Mace and Ginger,  
 Did spice his Bow'ls (as Story tells)  
 With Warts of Rocks, and Sparrow of Shells.  
 It had been happy for her Grace,  
 Had I been in the Rascal's place.  
 I who do scorn that any Stone,  
 Shou'd raise my Pintle, but my own.

Had



Had laid her down on ev'ry *Couch*,  
 And spar'd her *Pearl*, and *Diamond Brouch*,  
 Until her hot-tail'd *Majesty*,  
 Being happily reclaim'd by me,  
 From all her wild expensive ways,  
 Had worn her *Gems* on *Holy-Days*.  
 But since her C— has long done itching,  
 Let us discourse of *Modern Bitching*.  
 I must intreat you by this Letter,  
 To enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:  
 Hunger makes any Man a *Glutton*;  
 If *Roberts*, *Thomas*, *Mrs. Dutton*,  
 Or any other *Barred* of Note,  
 Inform of a fresh *Petticoat*.  
 Enquire I pray with *Friendly* care,  
 Where their respective *Lodgings* are:  
 Some do compare a Man t' a *Barque*,  
 A pretty *Metaphor*, pray mark,  
 I with a long and tedious story,  
 Will all the *Tackling* lay before ye.  
 The *Sails* are *Hope*, the *Masts* desire;  
 Till they the gentlest *Reader* tire,  
 But howsoe're they keep a pudder,  
 I'm sure the *Pintle* is the *Rudder*.  
 The pow'rfull *Rudder*, which of force;  
 To *Town* must shortly steer my course;  
 And if you do not there provide  
 A *Port*, where I may safely ride.  
 Landing in haste in some foul *Creek*,  
 'Tis ten to one, I spring a *Leak*.  
 Next, I must make it my request,  
 If you have any interest;

Or can by any means discover,  
 Some lamentable Rhiming Lover,  
 Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,  
 His Mistress, Nymph, or Goddess stile.  
 Send all his Labours down to me,  
 By the first opportunity.

Or any Knights of your round Table,  
 To other Scriblers formidable.  
 Guilty themselves of the same Crime,  
 Dress Nonsense up in ragged Rhime.  
 As once a Week, they seldom fail,  
 Inspir'd with Love, and Grid-Iron-Ale.

Or any paultry Poetry,  
 Though from the University.  
 Who when the K-- and Q-- were there,  
 Did both their Wit and Learning spare,  
 And have ( I hope ) endeavour'd since,  
 To make the World some recompence.  
 Such damn'd Fustian, when you meet,  
 Be not too rash, or indiscreet;  
 Though they can find no just excuses,  
 To put 'em to their proper uses;  
 Though fatal Privy, or the Fire,  
 Their Nobler Foe, at my desire,  
 Restrain your nat'ral profuseness,  
 And spare 'em, though you have a looseness.



## Mr. E----s Answer.

**A**S crafty Harlots, use to shrink,  
 From Letchers, dos'd with sleep and drink.  
 When they intend to make up Pack,  
 By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back.  
 So were you pleas'd to steal away  
 From me whilst on your Bed I lay :  
 But long you had not been departed,  
 When pinch'd with cold from thence I started;  
 Where missing you, I stamp'd and star'd,  
 Like Bacon, when he awak'd and heard,  
 His Brazen-Head, in vain had spoke,  
 And saw it lye in pieces broke.  
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,  
 And ev'ry Limb, was stiff as Stake.  
 Unless poor Pegg, which did feel,  
 Like slimy Skin of new stript Ele,  
 Or Parding, that mischance had got,  
 And spent it self half in the Pot.  
 With care I cleans'd the sneaking Varlet,  
 That late had been in Pool of Harlot.  
 But neither Shirt, nor Water could,  
 Remove the stench of Letcherous Mud.  
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,  
 Whence the best C--ts still smell like Ling.  
 But sure this damn'd notorious Bitch,  
 Was made o'th troth of Jane Shores Ditch.  
 Or else her C--t could never stink,  
 Like Pump that's foul, or nasty Sink.

When

When this was done, to Bed I went,  
 And the whole day, in sleep I spent;  
 But the next Morning, fresh and gay  
 As Citizen on Holy Day;  
 I wander'd in the spacious Town,  
 Amongst the *Bawls* of best renown!  
 To Temple I a visit made,  
 Temple! the Beauty of her Trade!  
 The only *Bawd* that ever I,  
 For want of *Whore* could occupy?  
 She made me Friends with Mrs. Cuffley;  
 Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly,  
 For by a gentler way I found,  
 The *Whore* would Fuck under ten Pound:  
 So resty *Jades*, which scorn to stir,  
 Tho' oft provok'd by switch and spur,  
 By milder usage may be got,  
 To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what success I further had,  
 And what discov'ries good and bad,  
 I made by roving up and down,  
 I'll tell you when you come to Town.

Further, I have obey'd your motion;  
 Tho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,  
 And sent you down some paultry Rhymes;  
 The greatest grievance of our times;  
 When such as Nature, never made  
 For Poets daily will invade  
*Wits Empire*, both the Stage and Press,  
 And which is worse, with good success.



*The Second Letter from B----- to  
Mr. E-----*

IF I can guess the Devil choak me,  
What horrid fury could provoke thee,  
To use thy railing, scurr'lous Wit  
Gainst C-----t and Pr---k, the source of it.  
For what but C---t and Pr---k does raise  
Our thoughts to Songs and Roundelays?  
Enables us to *Anagrams*  
And other Amorous flim flams?  
Then we write Plays, and so proceed,  
To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed.  
Hast no respect for God *Priapus*?  
That Antient story shall not scape us.  
*Priapus* was a Roman God,  
But in plain English Pr---k and Cod,  
That pleas'd their Sisters, *Wives* and *Daughters*,  
Guarded thir *Pippins* and *Pomwaters*,  
For at the *Orchards* utmost entry,  
This might Deity stood Centry;  
Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,  
To scare the *Mag-pyes* from their *Banquet*:  
But this may serve to shew we trample  
On Rule and Method by example  
Of *Modern Auth'rs*, who do inap at all,  
Will talk of *Cæsar* in the *Capitol*,  
Of *Cinthias* Beams, and *Sols* bright Ray,  
Known Foe to *Buttermilk* and *Whey*,  
Which softens *Wax*, and hardens *Clay*,

All this without the least connexion;  
Which to say truth's enough to vex one;  
But farewell all *Poétique* dizziness,  
And now to come unto the business.

Tell the bright *Nymph*, how sad and pensively;  
Ere since we us'd her so offensively,  
In dismal Shades, with *Armes* a cross,  
I sit lamenting of my loss;  
To *Eccho* I her Name commend;  
Who has it now at her *Tongues* end,  
And *Parrot-like*, repeats the same,  
For should you talk of *Tamberlyn*,  
*Cuffy*! she cries at the same time,  
Though the last *Accents* do not *Rhyme*:  
Far more than *Eccho*, e're did yet,  
For *Phillis* or bright *Amoret*.

With *Pen-knife* keen of mod'rate size,  
As bright and piercing as her *Eyes*;  
A glittering *Weapon* which would scorn  
To pair a *Nail*, or cut a *Corn*;  
Upon the *Trees*, of smoothest *Bark*,  
I carve her Name, or else her Mark,  
Which commonly's a bleeding *Heart*,  
A weeping *Eye* or flaming *Dart*.

Here on a *Beech*, like *Am'rous Sot*,  
I sometimes carve a *True-loves Knot*;  
There a tall *Oake*, her Name does bear,  
In a large spreading *Character*.  
I chose the fairest, and the best  
Of all the *Grove*, among the rest,  
I carv'd it on a *Lofty Pine*,  
Which wept a pint of *Turpentine*,



Such was the terror of her Name,  
 By the report of evil Fame,  
 Who tir'd with immoderate flight,  
 Had lodg'd upon its boughs all Night.  
 The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,  
 And knew the virtue of his Sap,  
 Dropt Balsome into ev'ry Wound,  
 And in an hours time was found.  
 But you are unacquainted yet,  
 With half the pow'r of Amoret,  
 For she can drink, as well as swive,  
 Her growing Empire still must thrive;  
 Our Hearts weak Forts, we must resign,  
 When Beauty does its forces joyn  
 With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine:  
 This I was told by my Lord O B---,  
 A Man whose word I much relie on,  
 He kept touch, and came down hither,  
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather:  
 But if thou would'st forgiven be,  
 Say that a Cunt detained thee.  
 Cunt! whose strong Charms, the World bewitches,  
 The joy of Kings! the Beggars Riches!  
 The Courtiers business, Statesmans leasure!  
 The tyr'd Tinkers ease and pleasure!  
 Of which alais I've leave to prate,  
 But Oh the rigour of my Fate!  
 For want of bouncing Bma Roba!  
*Laciva est nobis pagina vita proba.*  
 For that Rhyme I was fain to fumble,  
 When Pegasus begins to stumble,  
 'Tis time to rest your very humble.

## Mr. E-----s Answer.

SO soft, and Am'rously you write,  
 Of *Cunt* and *Pr---*, the *Cunts* delight;  
 That were I still in *Lantborn* sweating,  
 Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a spitting,  
 I should forget each injury,  
 The Pockey *Whores* have offer'd me,  
 And only of my Fate complain,  
 Because I must from *C---* abstain.  
 The pow'rful *Cunt* ! whose very name !  
 Kindles in me an amorous flame !  
 Begins to make my *Pintle* rise,  
 And long again to fight *Loves* Prize !  
 Forgetful of those many Scarrs  
 He has received in those *Warrs*.  
 This shews *Loves* chiefeft *Magick* lyes,  
 In *Womens* *C---ts*, not in their Eyes :  
 There *Cupid* does his *Revells* keep,  
 There *Lovers* all their Sorrows sleep,  
 For having once but tasted that,  
 Our miseries are quite forgot.  
 This may suffice to let you know,  
 That I to *C---* am not a Foe,  
 Tho' you are pleas'd to think me so :  
 'Tis strange his Zeal should be in suspicion,  
 Who dyes a *Martyr* for's Religion.  
 But now to give you an account  
 Of *Cussy*, that *Whore* Paramount !



*Cuffley* ! whose *Beauty* warms the Age,  
 And fills our *Youth*, with *Love* and *Rage*,  
 Who like fierce *Wolves*, pursue the Game,  
 While Secretly the *Lech'rous-Dame*—  
 With some choice *Gallant*, takes her flight  
 And in a Corner Fucks all Night.  
 Then the next *Morning*, we all hunt,  
 To find whose *Fingers*, smell of *Cunt* ;  
 With jealousy, and Envy mov'd,  
 Against the *Man* that was belov'd :  
 Whilst you within some *Neighb'ring-Grove*,  
 Indite the Story of your love,  
 And with your *Pen-knife*, keen and bright,  
 On stately *Trees*, your passion write,  
 So that each *Nymph* that passes through,  
 Must envy her, and pity you :  
 We at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,  
 With good *Case-knife*, well whet on *Stair*,  
 A gentle *Weapon*, made to feed  
*Mankind*, not to make 'em bleed ;  
 A Thousand an'rous fancies scrape,  
 There's not a *Pewter dish*, can scape,  
 Without her name, or *Armes*, which are,  
 The same that *Love*, himself, does bear.  
 Here one to shew you *Love's* no *Glutton*,  
 Ith mids of Supper, leaves his *Mutton*,  
 And on a greasie *Plate*, with care,  
 Carves the bright Image of the *Fair*.

Another though a Drunken *Sot*,  
 Neglects his *Wine*, and on the *Pot*,  
 A band of naked *Cupids* draws,  
 With *Pr-ks* no bigger than *Wheat Straws*.

Then

Then on a nasty *Candl stick*,  
 One figures *Loves Hieroglyphick*,  
 A *Couchant Cunt*, and *Rampant Brick*.  
 And that the sight may more inflame  
 The lookers on, subscribe her name,  
*Cuffley*! her *Sexes Pride* and *shame*.  
 There's not a *Man* but does discover  
 By some such *Action* he's her *Lover*:  
 But now 'tis time to give her over,  
 And let your *Lordship* know you are  
 The *Mistriss* that employs our care;  
 Your absence makes us melancholly,  
 Nor drink, nor C---t can make us jolly;  
 Unless w'ave you within our Arms,  
 In whom there dwells diviner Charms!  
 Then quit with speed the pensive *Grove*,  
 And here in *Town* pursue your love;  
 Where at your coming you shall find  
 Your *Servants* glad, your *Mistriss* kind,  
 And all things devoted to your *Mind*.

With your very  
 Humble Servant.



On Mr. E----- H----- upon  
his B----- P-----

C O M E on ye Criticks! find one fault who  
dare,  
For read it backward, like a *Witches Pray'r*.  
'Twill do as well; throw not away your tests,  
On solid *Non-sense*, that abides all *Tests*.  
Wit like *Tierce Clarret*, when't begins to pall,  
Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all;  
But in its full perfection of decay  
Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in play.  
This *Simile*, shall stand in thy defence,  
'Gainst such dull *Rogues* as now and then write sense.  
He lyes dear Ned, who says thy *Brain* is barren,  
Where deep conceits, like *Vermyn*, breed in *Carrin*;  
Thou hast a *Brain*, such as thou hast indeed,  
On what else should thy *Worm* of *Fancy* feed?  
Yet in a *Philbert* I have often known  
*Maggot's* survive when all the *Kernell's* gone,  
Thy *Stile's* the same, what ever be the *Theam*,  
As some digestions turn all *Meat* to *Phlegm*.  
Thy stumbling founderd *Jade*, can Trot as high,  
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.  
As skilfull *Dyvers* to the bottom fall,  
Sooner then those that cannot swim at all;  
So in this way of writing without thinking,  
Thou hast a great *Alacrity* in sinking.

Thou

Thou writ'st below, even thy own nat'ral parts,  
 And with acquir'd dullness and new Arts,  
 Of study'd Non-sense tak'st kind Readers hearts.  
 So the dull *Eele*, moves nimbler in the Mud;  
 Than all the swift *Finn'd Racers* of the Flood.  
 Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear,  
 Such loud complaints 'gainst *Criticks* to prefer,  
 Since thou art turn'd an Arrant *Libeller*:  
 Thou sett'st thy Name, to what thy self dost write,  
 Did ever *Libel*, yet so sharply bite?

---

On the same Author upon  
 his B----- P-----

**A**S when a Bully draws his Sword,  
 Though no man gives him a cross word,  
 And all perswasions are in vain,  
 To make him put it up again;  
 Each Man draws too and fall upon him,  
 To take the wicked Weapon from him:  
 Ev'n so dear *Ned* thy desp'rate Pen,  
 No less disturbs all witty Men:  
 And makes 'em wonder what a Devil,  
 Provokes thee to be so uncivil;  
 When thou and all thy Friends must know 'em  
 Thou yet will dare to Print thy Poems.  
 That poor *Curry* fate and thine are one,  
 Who has his Tail pegg'd in a Bone;



'About he runs, nobody'll own him,  
*Men, Boys and Dogs* are all upon him.  
 And first the greater *Wits* were at thee,  
 Now ev'ry little *Fool* will pat thee.  
*Fellows* that ne'r were read or heard of,  
 ( If thou writ'st on ) will write thy head off.  
 Thus *Mastives* only have the knack,  
 To cast the *Bear* upon his *Back*,  
 But when th' unwildy *Beast* is thrown,  
*Mangrils* will serve to keep her down.

---

*On the same Author upon  
 his New Ut---*

**T**Hou damn'd *Antipodes* to common sense,  
 Thou Foyle to *Fluence*! prithee tell from whence  
 Does all this mighty *Rock* of dullness spring,  
 Which in such *Loads* thou to the *Stage* dost bring?  
 Is all thy own? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*  
 Th' assurance of some *Ballad* making *Quill*?  
 No, they fly higher yet; thy *Playes* are such  
 I'd swear they wear translated out of *Dutch*:  
 And who the Devil was e'r yet so drunk,  
 To read the *Volumes* of *Myn-Heer-Van Dunk*?  
 Fain would I know what *Dyets* thou dost keep,  
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?  
 Sure *Hasty Pudding* is thy chiefest *Dish*,  
 With *Lights* and *Livers*; and with stinking *Fish*,

*Or-cheek, Tripe, Garbage*, thou dost treat thy *Brain*,  
Which nobly pays his *Tribute* back again.

With *Dazy Roots*, thy *Dwarfish-Muse* is fed,  
A *Gyants Body* with a *Pygmyes Head*.

Canst thou not find 'mongst all thy num'rous *Race*,  
One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy *Play's*

Laught at by *Box, Pit, Gallery*, nay *Stage*,

And grown the naus'ous grievance of this *Age* !

Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find

Thy *Body* made for labor, not thy *Mind*.

No other use of *Paper*, thou shouldst make,

But carrying *Loads* of *Rhymes* upon thy *Back*;

Carry vast *Burthens* till thy shoulders shrink,

But curst be he that gives thee *Pen* and *Ink*:

Those dang'rous *Weapons*, should be kept from

*Fools*,

As *Nurses* from their *Children* keep *Edge-tools*.

For thy dull *Muse* a *Muckender* were fit

To wipe the slav'rings of her Infant *Wit*:

Which, though 'tis late (if *Justice* could be found)

Should like blind, new born *Puppy*, yet be drown'd,

For were it not we must respect afford,

To any *Muse*, that's *Grandchild* to a *Lord*;

Thine in the *Ducking-stool* should take her *Seat*,

Drencht like her self in a great *Chair of State*;

Where like a *Muse* of *Quality* she'll dye,

And thou thy self shalt make her *Elegy*,

In the same strain thou writ'st thy *Comedy*.



*The Disappointment.*

I.

**O**NE Day the Am'rous *Lisander*,  
 By an impatient passion sway'd,  
 Surpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd *Maid*,  
 Who could defend her self no longer;  
 All things did with his love conspire,  
 The guilded Planet of the Day,  
 In his gay *Chariot*, drawn by *Fire*,  
 Was now descending to the *Sea*,  
 And left no light to guide the *World*,  
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In a lone *Thicket* made for love,  
 Silent as yielding *Maid's* consent,  
 She with a charming languishment,  
 Permits his force, yet gently strove;  
 Her hands, his bosom, softly meet,  
 But not to put him back design'd,  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet;  
 Resistance, 'tis too late to shew,  
 She wants the pow'r to say -- Ah! what d'you do?

3.

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,  
 Where Love and shame, confus'dly strive,

Fresh

Fresh vigor to *Lisander* give ;  
 And whisp'ring softly in his *Ear*,  
 She cry'd cease—cease—your vain desire,  
 Or I'll call out—what would you do ?  
 My dearer *Honour*, ev'n to you,  
 I cannot—must not give—retire,  
 Or take that life whose chiefest part  
 I gave you with the conquest of my Heart.

## 4.

But he as much unus'd to fear,  
 As he was capable of Love,  
 The blessed *Minutes* to improve,  
 Kisses her *Lips*, her *Neck*, her *Hair* !  
 Each touch ! her new desires *Alarmer* !  
 His burning trembling hand he prest  
 Upon her melting *Snowy Breast*,  
 While she lay panting in his Arms,  
 All her ungranted *Beauties* lye,  
 The *Spoiles* and *Trophies* of the *Enemy*.

## 5.

And now without respect or fear,  
 He seeks the object of his *Vows*,  
 His love no modesty allows,  
 By swift degrees, advancing where  
 His daring *Hand* that *Altar* seiz'd,  
 Where *Gods of Love* do Sacrifice !  
 That awful *Throne* ! that *Paradise* !  
 Where rage is calm'd, and Anger pleas'd :  
 That living *Fountain*, from whose Trills,  
 The melted Soul, in liquid drops distills !



## 6.

Her Balmey Lips encountring his;  
 Their Bodies as their Souls they joyn'd,  
 Where both in Transports unconfin'd,  
 Extend themselves upon the Moss!  
 Cloris half dead and breathless lay,  
 Her Eyes appear'd like Humid light,  
 Such as divides the Day and Night,  
 Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay;  
 And now no signs of life she shows,  
 But what in short-breath'd sighs, returns and goes.

## 7.

He saw how at her length she lay,  
 He saw her rising Bosom bare;  
 Her loose thin Robes through which appear  
 A shape design'd for love and play.  
 Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,  
 She does her loftest sweets dispence,  
 Offring her Virgin Innocence  
 A Victim to Loves sacred flame.  
 Whilst th' o'r ravish'd Shepherd lyes  
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

## 8.

Ready to taste a Thousand joys,  
 The too transported nuptials Smaene,  
 Found the vast pleasure turn'd to pain:  
 Pleasure! which too much love destroys!  
 The willing Garment by he laid,  
 And Head'n all open to his view.

Mad to possess, himself he threw  
 On the defenceless lovely *Maid*!  
 But oh! what envious Gods conspire!  
 To snatch his pow'r, yet leave him the desire?

## 9.

*Natures* support, without whose Aid  
 She can no humane being give;  
 It self now wants the *Art* to live;  
 Faintness its slacken'd *Nerves* invade,  
 In vain th' enraged *Youth* assay'd,  
 To call his fleeting *Vigor* back,  
 No motion, 'twill from motion take,  
 Excess of love his love betray'd;  
 In vain he royles, in vain commands,  
 Th' *Insensible* tell weeping in his *Hands*.

## 10.

In this so Amr'ous cruel strife,  
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,  
 The poor *Lisander* in despair  
 Renoun'd his *Reason* with his life.  
 Now all the brisk and *Active* fire  
 That should the nobler part inflame,  
 Serv'd to encrease his rage and shame,  
 And left no spark for new desire:  
 Not all her naked *Charms* could move,  
 Or calm that *Rage* that had debauch'd his love.

## 11.

*Cloris* returning from the *Trance*  
 Which love and soft desire had bred,



Her tim'rous hand she gently laid,  
 Or guided by design or chance  
 Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,  
 That *Potent God* ( as *Poets* teign )  
 But never did young *Shepperdes*  
 ( Gath'ring of *Fern* upon the *Plain* )  
 More nimbly draw her *Fingers* back,  
 Finding beneath the *Verdent Leaves* a *Snake*.

## • 12.

Then *Chris* her fair hand withdrew,  
 Finding that *God* of her desires,  
*Disarm'd* of all his pow'rful *Fires*;  
 And cold as *Flowers*, bath'd in the *Morning Dew*;  
 Who can the *Nymphs* confusion guess?  
 The blood forsook the kinder place,  
 And strew'd with blushes all her *Face*,  
 Which both disdain and shame expresse;  
 And from *Lisanders* Arms she fled,  
 Leaving him fainting on the gloomy *Bed*.

## 13.

Like *Lightning* through the *Grove* she hies;  
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick God*;  
 No print upon the *Grassy Road*,  
 She leaves instruct pursuing *Eyes*;  
 The *Wind* that wanton'd in her *Hair*,  
 And with her ruffled *Garments* plaid,  
 Discover'd in the flying *Maid*;  
 All that the *Gods* e're made of *Fair*.  
 So *Venus*, when her *Love* was slain,  
 With fear and haste flew o're the *Fatal Plain*.

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments, none but I,  
 Can well imagine and condole;  
 But none can guess *Lisanders*, Soul,  
 But those who sway'd his *Destiny*:  
 His silent Griefs swell up to *Storms*,  
 And not one *God*, his fury spares,  
 He curst his *Birth*, his *Fate*, his *Stars*,  
 But more th. e *Shepherdesses* Charms;  
 Whose soft bewitching influence,  
 Had damn'd him to the *Hell*, of *Impotence*.

---

On a *Giniper Tree* now cut down  
 to make *Busk*.

WHilst happy I triumphant stood,  
 The pride and glory of the *Wood*,  
 My *Aromatick Boughs*, and *Fruit*,  
 Did with all other *Trees* dispute;  
 Had right by *Nature* to excell,  
 In pleasing both the *Taste*, and *Smell*;  
 But to the touch I must confess,  
 Bore an unwilling fullness;  
 My *Wealth*, like bashful *Virgins*, I,  
 Yielded with some reluctance;  
 For which my value shou'd be more,  
 Not giving easily my store.



My *Verdent Branches*, all the year,  
 Did an *Eternal Beauty* wear,  
 Did ever young, and gay appear,  
 Nor needed any *Tribute* pay,  
 For *Bounties* from the *God of Day*.  
 Nor do I hold *Supremacy*,  
 In all the *Wood*, o're ev'ry *Tree*,  
 But ev'n those to of my own *Race*,  
 That grew not in this happy place;  
 But that in which I glory most,  
 And do my self with reason boast,  
 Beneath my shade the other *Day*,  
 Young *Philicles*, and *Cloris* lay;  
 Upon my *Root* he plac'd her *Head*,  
 And where I grew, he made her *Bed*;  
 Their trembling *Limbs* did gently press,  
 The kind supporting, yielding *Moss*;  
 Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,  
 A *Swain* so young, a *Nymph* so fair.  
 My grateful *Shade*, I kindly lent,  
 And ev'ry aiding *Bough* I bent,  
 So low, as sometimes had the *Bliss*,  
 To rob the *Shepherd* of a *Kiss*.  
 Whilst he in pleasures far above!  
 The sense of that degree of love!  
 Permitted ev'ry stealth I made,  
 Unjealous of his *Rival* shade.  
 I saw 'em kindle to desire!  
 Whilst with soft sighs, they blew the *Fire*!  
 Saw the approaches of their joy,  
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy!

Saw how they mingled melting *Rays* !  
 Exchanging love a thousand ways !  
 Kind was the force on ev'ry side,  
 Her new desires, she cou'd not hide,  
 Nor wou'd the *Shepherd* be deni'd !  
 Impatient, he waits no consent,  
 But what she gave by languishment.  
 The Blessed *Minute* he pursu'd,  
 Whilst *Love*, her fear, and shame subdu'd ;  
 And now transported in his Arms,  
 Yields to the *Conqueror* all her *Charms* !  
 His panting *Breast*, to hers now joyn'd,  
 They feast on *Raptures*, unconfin'd !  
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,  
 The immortality of love !  
 For who but a *Divinity* !  
 Cou'd mingle *Souls* to that degree,  
 And melt 'em into *Extasie* !  
 Where like the *Phoenix* both expire,  
 Whilst from the *Ashes* of their *Fire*,  
 Sprung up a new and soft desire.  
 Like *Charmers*, thrice they did invoke  
 The *God*, and thrice new vigor took ;  
 And had the *Nymph* been half so kind,  
 As was the *Shepherd*, well inclin'd,  
 The *Mystery* had not ended there ;  
 But *Cloris*, reassum'd her fear,  
 And chid the *Swain*, for having prest,  
 What she ( *alafs* ) cou'd not resist :  
 Whilst he, in whom *Loves* sacred flame,  
 Before, and after was the same,



Humbly implotes she wou'd forget  
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat.  
 From active joys, with shame they hast,  
 To a reflection on the past;  
 A thousand times the *Covert* bless,  
 That did secure their happiness;  
 Their gratitude to ev'ry *Tree*  
 They pay, but most to happy me!  
 The *Shepherdes*; my *Bark* carrest,  
 Whilst he my *Root* ( *Loves Pillow* ) kist,  
 And did with sighs their *Fate* deplore,  
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.  
 And before, my joys were such,  
 In having seen, and heard so much;  
 My griefs, must be as great, and high,  
 When all abandon'd I must lye,  
 Doom'd to a silent *Destiny*:  
 No more the Am'rous strife to hear,  
 The *Shepherds* Vows; the *Virgins* fear;  
 No more a joyful looker on,  
 Whilst *Loves* soft *Battel*'s lost and won.  
 With grief I bow'd my murm'ring *Head*,  
 And all my *Chrystal Dew*, I shed,  
 Which did in *Cloris* pity move;  
*Cloris* whose *Soul* is made of love.  
 She cut me down and did translate,  
 My being to a happier State:  
 No *Martyr* for *Religion* dy'd,  
 With half that unconfid'ring *Pride*;  
 My *Top* was on the *Altar* laid,  
 Where *Love* his softest *Offerings* paid,

And

And was as fragrant *Incence* burn'd;  
 My *Body* into *Busks*, was turn'd.  
 Where I still guard the sacred store;  
 And of *Loves Temple*, keep the *Door*.

---

*On the Death of Mr. Greenhill  
 the Famous Painter.*

What doleful cries are these that fright my  
                                   sense,  
 Sad as the groans of dying innocence!  
 The killing *Accents*, now more near approach.  
 And the infectious sound,  
 Spreads, and enlarges all around,  
 And does all *Hearts* with grief and wonder touch?  
 The famous *Greenhill's* dead! ev'n he,  
 That cou'd to us give immortality,  
 Is to th' Eternal, silent *Groves* withdrawn,  
 Those sullen *Groves*, of Everlasting dawn;  
 Youthful as *Flow'rs* scarce blown, whose opening  
                   Leaves,  
 A wond'rous and a fragrant *Prospect* gives,  
 Of what its Elder *Beauties* wou'd display,  
 When it shou'd flourish up to ripening *May*!  
 Witty! as *Poets*, warm'd with *Love*, and *Wine*,  
 Yet still spar'd *Heav'n* and his *Friend*;  
 For both to him, were sacred, and divine,  
 Nor cou'd he this no more than that offend.



Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendship* paid,  
 And gen'rous as a *God* !  
 Distributing his *Bounties* all abroad,  
 And soft, and gentle, as a *Love-sick Maid*.

~~Great Master~~ of the Noblest *Mystery*,  
 That ever happy knowledge did inspire;  
 Sacred as that of *Poetry* !  
 And which the wond'ring *World*, does equally ad-  
 mire !

Great *Natures* works, we do contemn,  
 When on his glorious *Births*, we meditate,  
 The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* receiv'd from him,  
 Than all the *Charmes* she can create :  
 The difference is, his *Beauties* do beget,  
 In the Enamor'd *Soul*, a virtuous heat,  
 Whilst *Natures* grosser pieces move,  
 In the coarse *Road* of common love.  
 So bold, yet soft, his touches were;  
 So round each part, so sweet, and fair,  
 That as his *Pencil* mov'd, Men thought it prest,  
 The lively imitated rising *Breast*,  
 Which yields like *Clouds*, where little *Angels* rest  
 The *Limbs* all easie ; as his temper was;  
 Strong as his *Mind*, and *Manly* too ;  
 Large as his *Soul*, his fancy was, and new ;  
 And from himself he copy'd ev'ry grace,  
 For he had all that cou'd adorn a *Face*,  
 All that cou'd either *Sex* subdue,

Each excellence he had, that *Youth* has in its pride,  
 And all experienc'd *Age*, can teach ;

At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,  
 And ev'ry *Virtue*, which that can express,  
 In all the height that both cou'd reach !  
 And yet ( *alass* ) in this protection dy'd !  
 Dropt like a Blossom, with a *Northern* blast,  
 When all the scatter'd *Leaves*, abroad are cast,  
 As quick ! as if his *Fate*, had been in hast !  
 So have I seen an unfixt *Star*,  
 Out-shine the rest of all the num'rous *Train*  
 ( As bright as that which guides the *Marriner* )  
 Dart swiftly from its darkn'd *Sphear*,  
 And ne're shall light the *World* again !  
 Oh why shou'd so much knowledge dye !  
 Or with his last kind breath,  
 Why cou'd he not to some one *Friend*, bequeath  
 The mighty *Legacy* !  
 But 'twas a knowledge giv'n to him alone,  
 That his Eterniz'd name might be,  
 Admir'd to all *Posterity*,  
 By all to whom his grateful name was known !  
 Come all ye softer *Beauties*, come !  
 Bring *Wreaths* of *Flow'rs* to deck his *Tomb*,  
 Mixt with the dismal *Cypress*, and the *Yew*,  
 For he still gave your *Charms* their due :  
 And from the injuries of *Age*, and *Time*,  
 Secur'd the sweetness of your prime,  
 And best knew how t'adore that sweetness too !  
 Bring all your mournful *Tributes* here,  
 And let your *Eyes*, a silent sorrow wear,  
 Till ev'ry *Virgin*, for a while become,  
 Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.



[ *To all curious Criticks and Admirers of Meeter.*

**H**Ave you seen the raging Stormy Main  
Tols a *Ship* up, than cast her down again?  
Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,  
And then again upon the *Sand* she lyes.  
Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is jealous,  
How he does tear the ground, and Roars, and  
Bellows!

Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,  
When she laments the absence of her love?  
Or have you seen the *Fairies*, when thy sing,  
And dance with mirth together in a *Ring*?  
Or have you seen our *Gallants*, keep a pudder,  
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace* and *Fair* *Anstruder*?

Or have you seen the *Daughter of Apollo*,  
Pow'r down their rhyming *Liquors* in a hollow  
*Cane*?

In spongy *Brain*, congealing into *Verse*;  
If you have seen all this, then kiss mine *A--se*.

## Satyr.

**W**Hat *Timon* does Old Age begi t'ap-  
proach

That thus thou droop'st under a Nights de-  
bauch ?

Hast thou lost deep to needy Rogues on Tick,  
Who ne're cou'd pay, and must be paid next *Week* ?

*Tim.* Neither alas, but a dull dining *Sot*,  
Seiz'd me i'th *Mall*, who just my name had got ;  
He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue* I'm thine,  
With me some *Wits* of thy acquaintance dine,  
I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a *Whore*,  
With modesty enslaves her *Spark* the more,  
The longer I deny'd the more he prest,  
At last I e'ne consent to be his *Guest*.

He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go,  
Pulls out a *Libel*, of a *Sheet*, or two ;  
Insipid, as, *The praise of pious Queens*,  
Or S---unassisted former *Scenes* :

Which he admir'd, and prais'd at ev'ry *Line*,  
At last it was so sharp, it must be mine.

I vow'd I was no more a *Wit*, than he,  
Unpractis'd, and unblest in *Poetry* :

A *Song* to *Phillis*, I perhaps might make,  
But never Rhim'd, but for my *Pintles* sake :

I envi'd no *Man's* fortune, nor his fame,  
Nor ever thought a revenge so tame.

He knew my *Stile*, he swore, and 'twas in vain,  
Thus to deny the Issue of my *Brain*.

Choak'd



Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,  
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.  
 Of a well-meaning Fool, I'm most afraid,  
 Who fillily repeats what was well said.  
 But this was not the worst, when he came home,  
 He askt are *Sidley*, *Buchurst*, *Savill*, come?  
 No, but there were above *Half-wit* and *Huffe*,  
*Kickum* and *Dingboy*. Oh 'tis well enough.  
 They're all brave *Fellows*, crye mine *Host*, let's  
 Dine,

I long to have my *Belly* full of *Wine*,  
 They'll write, and fight I dare assure you,  
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.  
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,  
 No means, nor hopes appear of a retreat.  
 Well we salute, and each *Man* takes his *Seat*.  
 Boy (says my *Sot*) is my *Wife* ready yet?  
 A *Wife* good *Gods*! a *Fop* and *Bullys* too!  
 For one poor *Meal*, what must I undergo?  
 In comes my *Lady* strait, she had been *Fair*,  
 Fit to give love, and to prevent despair.  
 But *Age*, *Beauties* incurable *Disease*,  
 Had left her more desire, than pow'r to please.  
 As *Cocks* will strike, although their *Spurs* be gone,  
 She with her old bleer *Eyes* to snite begun:  
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)  
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime;  
 However you begun, she brought in love,  
 And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.  
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* success;  
 My *Lady* wonder'd much how *Heav'n* cou'd bless,

A *Man* that lov'd two *Women* at one time;  
 But more how he to them excus'd his *Crime*,  
 She askt *Huffe*, if *Loves* flame he never felt?  
 He answer'd bluntly— do you think I'm *gelt*?  
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,  
*Love* in young *Minds*, proceeds ev'n *Poetry*.  
 You to that passion can no *Stranger* be,  
 But *Wits* are giv'n to inconstancy.  
 She had run on I think till now, but *Meat*  
 Came up, and suddenly she took her seat.  
 I thought the *Dinner* wou'd make some amends,  
 When my good *Host* cryes out—y're all my *Friends*,  
 Our own plain *Fare*, and the best *Terse* the *Bull*  
*Affords*, I'll give you and your *Bellies* full:  
 As for *French* *Kickshaws*, *Cellery*, and *Champon*,  
*Ragous* and *Fricassies*, int'roth we've none.  
 Here's a good *Dinner* towards thought I, when  
 strait

Up comes a piece of *Beef* full *Horseman's* weight;  
 Hard as the *Arse* of *M—*, under which,  
 The *Coachman* sweats, as ridden by a *Witch*.  
 A Dish of *Carrots*, each of 'em as long,  
 As *Toot* that to fair *Countess* did belong,  
 Which her small *Pillow* cou'd not so well hide,  
 But *Visitors* his flaming Head espy'd.  
*Pig*, *Goose*, and *Capon*, follow'd in the *Rear*,  
 With all that *Country* *Bunkins* call good *Cheer*:  
 Serv'd up with *Sauces* all of *Eighty Eight*,  
 When our tough *Tooths* wrestled, and threw the  
 Weight.

And now the *Boule* briskly flies about,  
 Instead of *Ice*, wrapt in a wet *Clout*.



A Brimmer follows the third bit we eat,  
 Small bear, becomes our drink, and wine our meat.  
 The Table was so large, that in less space,  
 A Man might save, six old *Italians* place:  
 Each man had as much room, as Porter B---,  
 Or Harris, had, in *Cullens* Bushel C---t,  
 And now the Wine began to work, mine Host  
 Had been a *Collonel* we must hear him boast  
 Not of *Towns* won, but an *Estate* he lost  
 For the *King's* Service, which indeed he spent  
 Whoring, and Drinking, but with good intent.  
 He talkt much of a Plot, and money lent  
 In *Cromwell's* Time. My Lady she  
 Complain'd our love was coarse, our Poetry,  
 Unfit for modest Ears, small *Whores* and Play'rs  
 Were of our Hair-brain'd Youth the only cares;  
 Who were too wild for any virtuous League,  
 Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.  
 Falkland, she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,  
 And seem'd to taste their former parts again.  
 Mine Host, drinks to the best in *Christendome*,  
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.  
 Left to our selves, of several things we prate,  
 Some regulate the Stage, and some the State.  
 Halfwit, cries up my Lord of O---  
 Ah how well *Mustava* and Zanger dye!  
 His sense so little forc'd, that by one Line,  
 You may the other easily divine.

And which is worse, if any worse can be,  
 He never said one word of it to me.

There's fine Poetry! you'd swear 'twere Prose,  
 So little on the Sense, the Rhymes impose.

Damn

Damn me ( says *Dingboy* ) in my mind *Gods* *sounds*  
*E* -- writes *Airy Songs*, and *Soft Lampoons*,  
 The best of any *Man*; as for your *Nouns*,  
*Grammar*, and *Rules of Art*; he knows 'em not;  
 Yet writ two taking *Plays*, without one *Plot*.

*H*--- was for *S*---, and *Morocco* prais'd,  
 Said rumbling words, like *Drums*; his *Courage*  
 rais'd.

*Whose broad-built-bulks, the boystrous Billows, bear,*  
*Zaphee and Sally, Mgador, Oran,*  
*The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan.*

Was ever braver *Language* writ by *Man*?

*Kickum* for *Crown* declar'd, said in *Romance*,  
 He had out-done the very *Wits* of *France*.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles the Eight*;  
 Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his *Fate*,  
 Though *Foreign Troops*, and *Rebels* shock his  
*State*,

Complains another fight afflicts him more.

( *Videl.* ) The *Queens Gallies* rowing from the *Shore*;

*Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone,*

*While sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun:*

*Waves smiling on the Sun!* I am sure that's new,  
 And 'twas well thought on, give the *Devil* his due.

Mine *Hst*, who had said nothing in an hour,  
 Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian Emperour*.

*As if our Old World, modestly withdrew,*

*And bere in private bath brought forth a New.*

There are *Two Lines!* who but he durst presume  
 To make the old *World*, a new withdrawing *Room*,  
 Where of another *World* she's brought to *Bed!*

What a brave *Midwife* is a *Laureat's* head!

But



But Pox of all these *Scriblers*, what do'e think,  
 Will *Souther* this year any *Champon* drink?  
 Will *Turene* fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*,  
 If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.  
 Damn me (says *Dingboy*) the *French Cowards* are,  
 They pay, but the *English, Scots, and Swiss* make War:  
 In gawdy *Troops*, at a review they shine,  
 But dare not with the *Germans*, *Battel* joyn;  
 What now appears like *Courage*, is not so,  
 'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow;  
 On their first blow, they'll shrink into those fears,  
 They shew'd at *Cressy, Agincourt, Poytiers*;  
 Their loss was infamous, *Honour* so stain'd,  
 Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd.  
 What they were then, I know not, now th'are brave,  
 He that denies it lyes, and is a *Slave*  
 (Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingboy*, that do I,  
 And at that word, at t'others *Head* let fly  
 A greasie *Plate*, when suddenly they all,  
 Together by the *Ears* in *Parties* fall.  
*Halfwit*, with *Dingboy* joyns, *Kickum* with *Huffe*,  
 Their *Swords* were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,  
 Till they, mine *Host*, and I, had both enough.  
 Their rage once over, they begin to treat,  
 And six fresh *Bottles*, must the peace compleat.  
 I ran down stairs, with a *Vow* never more  
 To drink *Beer Glass*, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

## A Session of the Poets.

Since the *Sons* of the *Muses*, grew num'rous,  
 and loud,  
 For th' appeasing so factious, and clam'rous  
 a Crowd

*Apollo*, thought fit in so weighty a cause,  
 T' Establish a *Government*, *Leader*, and *Laws*.  
 The hopes of the *Bays*, at this summoning call,  
 Had drawn 'em together, the *Devil* and all;  
 All thronging and listning they gap'd for the  
 Blessing,

No *Presbyter* Sermon, had more crowding, and  
 pressing.

In the *Head* of the *Gang J--- D---*, appear'd,  
 That Antient grave *Wit*, so long lov'd, and fear'd;  
 But *Apollo*, had heard a Story i'th' *Town*,  
 Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear the black *Gown*;  
 And so gave him leave now his *Poetry's* done,  
 To let him turn *Priest*, now *R---*, is turn'd *Nun*.

This Reverend *Author* was no sooner set by,  
 But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye;  
 And frankly confest, of all men that writ,  
 There's none had more *Fancy*, *Sense*, *Judgment*,  
 and *Wit*,

But i'th' crying *Sin*, *Idleness*, he was so harden'd,  
 That his long sev'n years silence, was not to be  
 pardon'd.

*Brawny W---* was the next man shew'd his Face,  
 But *Apollo*, e'ne thought him too good for the Place;  
 No



No Gentleman Writer, that office shou'd bear  
 'Twas a Trader in Wit, the Laurel shou'd wear,  
 As none but a Cit, ere makes a Lord Mayor.

Next into the Crowd, Tom S---, does wallow,  
 And Swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,  
 'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,  
 Himself, and his Wife have supported the Stage.

Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,  
 To oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad,  
 Had he half so much Wit, as he fancy'd he had.  
 However to please so Jovial a Wit,

And to keep him in humour, Apollo, thought fit,  
 To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick,  
 Of railing at Poets, and shewing his Prick.

N---L---, stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,  
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in Thrice;  
 By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deni,  
 But he had as much Wit, as Wine cou'd supply;  
 Confest that indeed he had a Musical Note,  
 But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattled i'th'  
 Throat;

Yet owning he had Sense, t'encourage him for't,  
 He made him his Ovid in Augustus's Court,

Poet S---, his Tryal was the next came about,  
 He brought him an Ibrahim, with the Preface torn  
 out;

And humbly desir'd, he might give no offence;  
 God damme, cries S---he cannot write sense,  
 And Ballocks cry'd Newport, I hate that dull Rogue;  
 Apollo, confid'ring he was not in vogue,  
 Wou'd not trust his dear Bays, with so modest a Fool,  
 And bid the great Boy, shou'd be sent back to School,

T---

Tom O-----, came next, Tom S-----, dear Zany,  
 And swears for *Herbicks*, he writes best of any;  
 Don C---, his Pockets so amply had fill'd,  
 That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lite* were  
 all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,  
 And prudently did not think fit to engage,  
 The scum of the *Play-house*, for the Prop of an Age.  
 In the numerous Herd, that incompast him round,  
 Little starcht *Jonny C---*, at his Elbow he found,  
 His *Crevat-string*, new Iron'd, he gently did stretch,  
 His Lilly white had out, the *Lawrel* to reach;  
 Alledging that he had most right to the Bays,  
 For writing *Romances*, and shiting of *Plays*,  
*Apollo* rose up, and gravely confest,  
 Of all men that writ, his *Talent* was best,  
 For since pain, and dishonour, *Mans* life only damn,  
 The greatest felicity *Mankind* can claim,  
 Is to want sense of smart, & be past sense of shame:  
 And to perfect his *Bliss*, in *Poetical Rapture*,  
 He bid him be dull to the end of the *Chapter*.

The *Poetess Afra*, next shew'd her sweet face,  
 And swore by her *Poetry*, and her black *Ace*,  
 The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,  
 For the *Plays* she had writ, and the *Conquests* she  
 had won:

*Apollo* acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,  
 Yet to deal franckly, and ingeniously by her,  
 He told her were *Conquests*, and *Charms* her pre-  
 tence,

She ought to have pleaded a *Dozen* years since.



*Anababaluthu* put in for a share,  
 And little *Tom Essences Author* was there.  
 Nor cou'd *D---* forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle,  
 Protesting he had had the *Honor* to tickle,  
 The Ears of the *Town*, with his dear *Madam Fickle*.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd i chearse,  
 But that they're too long to stand in my *Verse*.  
*Apollo*, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*.  
 Finds at last *Tom B---*, face in the gang,  
 And since *Poets*, without the kind *Play'rs*, may hang;  
 By his own light he solemnly swore,  
 That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.  
 A general murmur ran quite tl. rough the *Hall*,  
 To think that the *Bays* to an *Actor*, shou'd fall,  
 But *Apollo*, to quiet, and pacifie all;  
 E'ne told 'em to put his desert to the Test,  
 That he had made *Plays*, as well as the best;  
 And was the greatest wonder, the *Age* ever bore,  
 For of all the *Play-Scriblers*, that e're writ before,  
 His Wit had most worth, and most modesty in't,  
 For he had writ *Plays*, yet n're came in print.

---

## Satyr.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere  
dignum*

*Sivis esse aliquis---Indem sat.*

Suppos'd to be spoken by a Court Hector:

## Pindarique.

**N**OW curses on ye all, ye virtuous Fools,  
Who think to fetter free born Souls,  
And tye 'em up to dull *Morality*, and *Rules*,  
The *Stagyrite*, be damn'd, and all the Crew,  
Of learned *Idiots*, who his steps pursue;  
And those more silly *Profel-tes*, whom his fond Pre-  
cepts drew! (drown'd  
Oh had his *Ethicks*, been with their wild *Author*  
Or a like fate, with those lost Writings found,  
Which that grand *Plagiary*, doom'd to *Fire*,  
And made by unjust *Flames* expire,  
They ne're had then seduc'd *Mortality*,  
Ne're lasted to debauch the *World*, with their lewd  
*Pedantry*.  
But damn'd and more (if *Hell* can do't) be that  
Thrice cursed name,  
Who e're the Rudiments of *Law* design'd;  
Who e're did the First *Model* of *Religion* frame,  
H 2 And



And by that double *Vassalage* enthrall'd *Mankind*;  
By nought before, but their own Pow'r, or Will  
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty.  
And *Slaves*, to each capricious *Monarch's* Tyranny.  
More happy *Brutes* ! who the great Rule of sense  
observe,

And ne're from their first Charter swerve.

Happy whose lives are meerly to enjoy,  
And feel no stings of Sin, which may their Bliss  
annoy ;

Still unconcern'd, at *Epithets* of ill, or good,  
Distinctions unadulterate *Nature*, never under-  
stood.

## 2.

Hence ! hated *Virtue*, from our goodly *Isle* !

No more our joys beguile !

No more, with thy loath'd presence plague our  
happy State ;

Thou *Enemy* to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave,  
or great !

Begon ! with all thy pious meager *Train*,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented *Land*,

And there an *Empire* gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command :

There where illib'ral *Natures* nigardice,

Has set a *Tax* on *Vice* !

Where the lean barren *Region* does enhance,

The worth of dear intemperance !

And for each pleasurable Sin, exacts *Excise* !

We (thanks to *Heav'n*) more cheaply can offend,

And

And want no tempting *Luxuries*,  
 No good convenient sinning opportunities,  
 Which *Natures* bounty cou'd bestow, or *Heavens*  
 kindness lend!

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,  
 Who heretofore disgusted at encreasing Vice,  
 Dislik'd the *World*, and thought it too profane,  
 And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're return'd  
 again,

Hence! to those Airy Mansions rove,  
 Converse with *Saints* and holy *Folks* above;  
 Those may thy presence woo,  
 Whose lazy ease, affords 'em nothing else to do.  
 Where haughty scornful I, avoid  
 And my great *Friends*, will ne're vouchsafe thee  
 Company.

Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,  
 Too difficult for *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
 Were I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd leart to  
 practice thee.

*Virtue*! thou solemn grave impertinence,  
 Abhorr'd by all the *Men* of *Wit*, and *Sence*!  
 Thou damn'd *Fatigue*! that clogg'st lifes Journey  
 here,  
 Though thou no weight of *Wealth*, or profit bear!  
 Thou puline, fond, Green-sickness of the *Mind*,  
 That makes us prove to our own selves unkind;  
 Whereby we *Coals*, and *Dirt*, for *Diet* chuse,  
 And *Pleasures* better *Food* refuse.



Curst *Jilt* ! that lead'st deluded *Mortals* on,  
 Till they too late perceive themselves undone,  
 Chows'd by a *Dowry*, in *Reversion* !  
 The greatest *Votary*, thou e're could'st boast,  
 Pity so brave a Soul was in thy service lost,  
 What wonders he in wickedness had done !  
 Whom thy weak pow'r cou'd so inspire alone !  
 Tho' long with fond *Amours* he courted thee,  
 Yet dying did recant his vain *Idolatri* ;  
 At length (tho' late) he did repent with shame,  
 Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name.  
 So was that *Letcher* gull'd, whose haughty love  
 Design'd a *Rape*, on the *Queen Regent*, of the *Gods*  
 above.  
 When he a *Goddeſs* thought he had in chase,  
 He found a gawdy *Vapor* in the place,  
 And with thin *Air*, beguil'd his starv'd imbrace ;  
 Idly he spent his *Vigor* ! spent his blood,  
 And tir'd himself, to oblige an unperforming *Cloud*.

4  
 If Human kind to thee e're *Worship* paid,  
 They were by ignorance misled ;  
 That only them devout, and thee a *Goddeſs* made ;  
 Known hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude, untaught, In-  
 fancy,  
 Before it had out-grown its *Childish* innocence ;  
 Before it had arriv'd at sense,  
 Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and discretion of *De-*  
 bauchery ;  
 Known in those *Ancient* godly duller times,  
 When crafty *Pagans* had ingross'd all Crimes :  
 When

When *Christian Fools*, were obstinately good,  
 Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood:  
 Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,  
 To be thought *Saints*, and die a Kalender with red.  
 No prudent *Heathen*, e're seduc'd cou'd be,  
 To suffer Martyrdom for thee,  
 Only that Arrant *Ass*, whom the false Oracle call'd  
 wife:

(No wonder if the Devil utter'd Lyes)  
 That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who spite of all the Mode,  
 Wou'd be unfashionably good:  
 And exercis'd his whining gifts, to rail at Vice.  
 Him all the *Wits* of *Athens* damn'd,  
 And justly with *Lampoons* defam'd.  
 But when the mad *Fanatick*, cou'd not silenc'd be,  
 From broaching dangerous Divinity,  
 The wise *Republick*, made him for prevention die,  
 And kindly sent him to the Gods, and better Com-  
 pany.

## 5.

Let fumbling Age, be grave, and wise,  
 And *Virtues* poor content a *Idlers* prize,  
 Who never knew, now are past the sweets of Vice;  
 Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat,  
 With lusty youth, and vigorous hear,  
 Can all their *Birds*, and *Morals* too despise!  
 Whilst my plump *Vems*, are fill'd with Lust and  
 Blood,  
 Let not one thought of her intrude,  
 Or dare approach my Breast;  
 But know 'tis all possesst,



By a more welcome Guest;  
 And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.  
 If ever unkind *Destiny*,  
 Shall force long life on me,  
 If e're I must the curse of *Dotage* bear,  
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those *Dregs* of time to her,  
 And come with *Critches*, her most humble *Votary*.  
 When sprightly *Vice*, retreats from hence,  
 And quits the ruins of decayed sense,  
 She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,  
 And varnish with her Name, a well dissembled  
 Impotence!  
 When Phtisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies  
 seize,  
 And all the *Bill of Maladies*,  
 Which *Heav'n*, to punish over-living *Mortals* sends;  
 Then let her enter, with th' numerous infirmities,  
 Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles, and  
 gray Hairs, attends.

## 6.

Tell me ye Venerable *Sots* who court her most,  
 What small advantage can she boast,  
 Which her great *Rivals*, has not in a greater store  
 ingross'd?  
 Her quiet, calm, and peace of *Mind*,  
 In *Wine*, and Company, we better find,  
 Find it with pleasure, too combin'd!  
 In mighty *Wine*, where we our Senses steep,  
 And lull our cares and *Consciences* asleep!  
 But why do I, that wild *Chimeras* name?  
*Conscience*! that giddy *Airy Dream*;  
 Which

Which does from *Brainfick beads*, or ill digesting  
Stomachs, steam.

*Conscience*! the vain fantastick fear,  
Of punishments, we know not when, or where:  
Project of crafty *States men*, to support weak Law,  
Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,  
And dastard Souls, to forc'd obedience draw.  
*Grand Wheedle*! which our *Govern'd Impositions* use,  
The poor unthinking *Rabble*, to abuse:  
*Scare-Crow*, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of  
Vice,

Their own beloved *Paradise*!  
Let those vile *Canterers*, wickedness decry,  
Whose *Mercenary Tongues* take pay  
For what they say;  
And yet commend in practice, what their words  
deny.

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,  
Their holy *Chants* decry,  
And scorn their *travels*, and scorn their sanctify'd  
*Cajollery*.  
None but dull unbred *Fools*, discredit Vice,  
Who act their wickedness, with an ill grace;  
Such their Profession scandalize,  
And justly forfeit all that praise,  
All that esteem, that credit, and applause,  
Which we by our wise *Monarchs*, from a Sin can  
raise.

A true, and brave transgressor ought,  
To Sin with the same height of Spirit, *Cesar*, fought.  
Mean-souled Offenders, now to Honour gain,  
Only Debauchers of the Nobler strain;  
Vice,



Vice, well improv'd, yields Bliss and, Fame  
beside,

And some for sinning have been *Deis'd*!

Thus the lewd *Gods*, of old, did move!

By these brave *Methods*, to the Seats above!

Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sov'reign *Deity*

*Father*, and *King*, of all the immortal Progeny,

Ascended to that high degree,

By Crimes, above the reach of weak *Mortality*:

He *Heav'n* one large *Seraglio*, made,

Each *Goddeſs*, turn'd a glorious *Punk*, oth Trade,

And all that sacred place,

Was fill'd with *Bastard Gods*, of his own Race!

Almighty *Lech'ry* got his first repute,

And everlasting Whoring, was his chiefest Attri-  
bute.

## 8.

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whose happy guilt,  
A fame upon the ruins of a *Temple* built?

Let *Fools*, (said he) impiety alledge,

And urge the no great fault of *Sacrilege*?

I'll let the *Sacred Pile*, on flame,

And in its *Ashes*, write my lasting name!

My Name! which thus shall be

*Deathless*, as its own *Deity*!

Thus the vain glorious *Carian*, I'll out-do,

And *Egypt's*, proudest *Monarchs* too!

Those lavish *Prodigals*, who idely did consume,

Their lives, and Treasures to erect a *Tomb*

And only great, by being buried would become.

At cheaper rates than they, I'll buy renown,  
And my loud Fame, shall all their silent glories  
drown !

So spake the daring *Hector*, so did Prophecy,  
And so it prov'd --- in vain did envious Fate,  
By fruitless *Methods* try,

To raze his well-built *Fame* and *Memory*  
Amongst *Posterity* :

The *Beautifull*, can now immortal write,  
While the inglorious *Founder*, is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty *Emperor*,  
( A greater Crime, befitted his high pow'r )

Who sacrific'd a *City*, to a *jeast*,  
And shew'd he knew the grand *Intrigues* of humor  
best !

He made all *Rome*, a *Ban-fire* to his *Fame* !  
And sung, and plaid, and danc'd amidst the  
Flame !

Bravely begun ! yet pitty there he staid,  
One step to glory more he shou'd have made !

He shou'd have heav'd the Noble *Frellick* higher !  
And made the *People*, on that *Fun'ral-Pile* expire !

Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire* !

Had this been done,  
The utmost pitch of glory he had won !

No greater *Monument* cou'd be,  
To consecrate him to *Eternity* !

Nor shou'd there need another *Herauld*, of his praise  
but me !

And



10.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our *Iſle*  
 Whom baffled *Hell*, esteems its chiefest *Foyle*;  
 ('Twere injury, shou'd I omit thy name)  
 Whose Action, merits all the breath of *Fame*!  
 Methinks I see the trembling *Shades* below,  
 Around in humble rev'rence how,  
 Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*,  
 To their dread *Monarch*, or to thee!  
 No wonder he grown jealous of thy fear'd success,  
 Envy'd *Mankind*, the honour of thy wickedness,  
 And spoil'd that brave attempt, which must have  
 made his grandeur less.  
 Howe'r regret not mighty *Ghost*,  
 Thy *Plot* by treacherous *Fortune* cross'd,  
 Nor think the well deserved glory lost!  
 Thou the full praise of *Villany* shalt ever share,  
 And all will judg thy Act compleat enough, when  
 thou could'st dare.  
 So thy great *Master* fear'd; whose high disdain,  
 Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he could not  
 Reign  
 When he with bold ambition strove,  
 To usurp the *Throne* above,  
 And led against the *Deity*, an Armed Train.  
 Though from his vast designs he fell,  
 O're pow'rd by's *Almighty* *Foe*,  
 Yet gain'd he *Vict'ry*, in his overthrow;  
 He gain'd sufficient *Triumph*, that he durst rebel,  
 And 'twas some pleasure, to be thought the great'st  
 in *Hell*!

Tell

## II.

Tell me ye great *Trinuvirate*, what shall I do;  
To be Illustrious as you ?

Let your example move me with a gen'rous Fire!

Let 'em into my daring thoughts inspire!  
Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast *Gyant*  
Crime,

Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd, by all past, and  
present time!

'Tis done 'tis done, methinks I feel the powerful  
Charms!

And a new heat of Sin, my Spirits warms:  
I travel with a glorious mischief, for whose Birth  
My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble,  
yet to bring it forth!

Let the unpittied *Vulgar*, tamely go,  
And stock for company, the wide *Plantations* below:  
Such their vile Souls, for viler *Barter* sell,  
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in *Hell*.  
We are its *Grandeers*, and expect as high preferment  
there,

For our good service as on *Earth* we share  
In them, sin is but a meer privative of good,  
The frailty and defect, of *Flesh* and *Bloud*;

In us tis a perfection, who profess  
A study'd, and Elaborate wickedness  
We are the great *Royal Society* of Vice,  
Whole Talents are to make discoveries,  
And advance Sin, like other *Arts* and *Sciences*,  
'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,

Who



Who must new *Worlds*, in Vice descry;  
And fix the *Pillars*, of unpassible Iniquity.

## 12.

! How sneaking was the first *Debauch* that smn'd;  
Who for so small a sin, sold *Human* kind!  
How undeserving that high place,  
To be thought *Parent*, of our Sin and Race;  
Who by low guilt, our *Nature* doubly did debase.  
Unworthy was he to be thought,  
*Father*, of the Great *First-born-Cain*, which he begot:  
The Noble *Cain*! whose bold, and gallant Act;  
Proclaim'd him of more high *Extrac*!

Unworthy me,  
And all the braver part of his *Posterity*;  
Had the just *Fates* design'd me in his stead,  
I'd done some great, and unexampled Deed!  
A Deed! which shou'd decry,  
The *Stoicks* dull Equality,  
And shew that Sin admits transcendancy!  
A Deed! wher'in the *Tempter* shou'd not share;  
Above what *Heav'n*, cou'd punish, and above what  
he cou'd dare!

For greater Crimes than his, I would have sell,  
And acted somewhat, which might merit more than  
*Hell*,

*An Apology to the foregoing Satyr,  
by way of Epilogue.*

MY part is done, and you'll I hope excuse,  
The extravagance of a repenting *Muse*;  
Pardon what e're she has too boldly said,  
She only acted here in *Masquerade*;  
And the slight *Arguments* she did produce,  
Were not to flatter Vice but to traduce:  
So we *Buffoons*, in *Princely* dress expose,  
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.  
When she a *Hector* for her *Subj<sup>t</sup>* had,  
She thought she must be *Tarmagant*, and mad;  
That made her speak like a lewd *Punch* 'oth' *Town*,  
Who by converse with *Bullies*, wicked grown,  
Has learn'd the *Mode*, to cry all *Virtue* down:  
But now the *Vizor's* off, she changes *Scene*,  
And turns a modest, civil *Girl*, again,  
Our *Poet*, has a different taste of *Wit*,  
Nor will to th' common *Vogue*, himself submit.  
Let some admire the *Fops*, whose *Talents* lye,  
Inventing dull insipid *Blasphemy*;  
He swears he cannot with those terms d'spense,  
Nor will be damn'd, for the repute of *leasc*.  
*Wits* name, was never to profaness due,  
For then you see, he cou'd be witty too:  
He cou'd *Lampoon* the *State*, and *Libel Kings*,  
But that he's *Loyal*, and knows better things,  
Than *Fame*, whose guilty *Birth* from *Treason* springs.

He



He likes not wit, which can no *Licence* claim,  
 To which the *Author* dares not set his Name:  
*Wit*, shou'd be open; court each *Reader's* Eye,  
 Not lurk in fly, unprinted privacy.  
 But *Criminal Writers*, like dull *Birds* of Night,  
 For weakness, or for shame, avoid the light:  
 May such a *Jury*, for the *Audience* have,  
 And from the *Bench*, not *Pit*, their doom receive.  
 May they the *Tow'r*, for their due merits share,  
 And a just *Wreath* of *Hemp*, not *Laurel* wear.  
 He cou'd be *Bawdy* too; and nick the times,  
 In what thy dearly love, dam'd *Placket* Rhimes;  
 Such as our *Nobles* write----

Whose nauseous *Poetry*, can reach no higher,  
 Than what the *God-piece*, or its *God* inspire:  
 So lew'd they spend at *Quill*, you'd justly think,  
 They wrote with something nastier than *Ink*.

But he still thought that little wit; or none,  
 Which a just modesty must never own,  
 And a meer *Reader* with a blush atone.

If *Ribauldry* deserve the praise of wit,  
 He must resign to each illit'rate *Cit*.

And *Prentices*, and *Car-men*, challenge it:

Ev'n they too, can be smart and witty there;  
 For all *Men*, on that Subject, *Poets* are.

Henceforth he says if ever more he find,  
 Himself to the base itch of *Verse* inclin'd;

If e're he's given up so far to write,

He never means to make his end delight;

Shou'd he do so, he must despair success,

For he's not now debauch'd enough to please,

And must be damn'd for want of wickedness.

He'll

He'll therefore use his gift another way;  
 And next the ugliness of Vice display:  
 Though against *Virtue* once he drew his Pen;  
 He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.  
 Had he a *Genius*, and *Poetick* Rage:  
 Great as the *Vices* of this guilty Age;  
 Were he all *Gaul*, and arm'd with store of spight;  
 'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write:  
 To Noble *Satyr*, he'd direct his aim,  
 And by't *Mankind*, and *Poetry*, reclaim:  
 He'd shoot his *Quills*, just like a *Porcupine*,  
 At *Vice*, and make 'em stab in ev'ry *Line*;  
 The *World*, shou'd learn to blush ----  
 And dread the vengeance of his angry wit,  
 Which more than their own *Consciences* shou'd  
 fright;  
 And all shou'd think him *Heav'n's* just plague de-  
 sign'd,  
 To visit for the sins of lewd *mankind*.

---

*Upon the Author of a Play  
 call'd Sodom.*

**T**ell me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prithee tell,  
 What damned Pow'r invoc'd and sent from  
*Hell*;  
 ( If *Hell*, were bad enough ) did thee inspire,  
 To write, what *Fiends* asham'd wou'd blushing  
 hear?

Hast



Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*?  
 And us'd the *new* *Flour* for a *Muse*?  
 Or didst thy Soul by Inch o'th *Canale* sell,  
 To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp* to *Hell*?  
 If so; go, and its vow'd *Allegiance* swear,  
 Without *Pres-money*, be its *Voluntier*.  
 May he who envies thee deserve thy fate,  
 Deceive both *Heads*, and *Mankind* scorn and  
 hate.

Disgrace to *Libell*! Foyle to very *flame*.  
 Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to *damm*.  
 What foul description's foul enough for thee  
 Sunk quite below the reach of *infamy*.  
 Thou cover'st to be *lewd*, but wantest the *might*,  
 And art all over *Devil* but in *Wit*.  
 Weak feeble *Svainer* at their *ribaldry*,  
 Whose *Muse* is impotent to that degree,  
 'T had need like *Age* be whipt to *Lechery*.  
 Vile *Sot*! who clapt with *Poetry* art sick,  
 And void'st *Corruption* like a *Shanker* & *Prick*.  
 Like *Ulcers* thy impostum'd *Addle Brains*,  
 Dropt out in *Matter*, which thy *Paper* stains:  
 Whence *nauseous* *rhimes* by filthy *Births* proceed  
 As *Maggots* in some *Pur* ingendering breed.  
 Thy *Muse* has got the *Hebe*, and they ascend  
 As in some *Green-sick Girl* at upper end.  
 Sure *Nature* made, or meant at least have don't,  
 Thy *Tongue* a *Claris*, thy *Mouth* a *C-*.  
 How well a *Dildo* would that place become  
 To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb.  
 At least it should be *tyring* & *isw*

Or were some stinking Merkin, for a Beard,  
 That all from its base converse might be scar'd  
 As they a Door shut up, and mark'd beware  
 That tells infection, and the Plague is there.  
 Thou Morefields Author, fit for Bawds to quote,  
 (If Bawds themselves with honour safe may do it)  
 When Suburb Prentices comes to hire delight,  
 And wants incentives to dull Appetite,  
 There Punk perhaps may thy brave works re-  
 hearse,  
 Frigging the senseless thing with Hand and Verse  
 Which after shall (prefer'd to Dressing Box)  
 Hold Turpentine and Medicines for the Pox.  
 Or (if I may obtain a Fate more fit)  
 For such foul, nasty, Excrements of Wit,  
 May they condemn'd to th' publick Jakes, be lent  
 (For me I'd fear the Piles, in vengeance sent  
 Should I with them prophane my Fundament)  
 Therebugger wiping Porters when they shite,  
 And to thy Book it self turn Sodomite.

*(The Cooks and Souldiers)*

### A Call to the Guard by

a Drum.

**R**at too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat rat too,  
 With your Noses all scabb'd, and your Eyes black  
 and blew,  
 All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot-Souldiers are,



Though with very small Coyn yet with very much care,  
 From your Quarters and Garrets make hast to repair,  
 To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your sorry Straw-beds, and bonny white Fleas,  
 From your Drams of small drink, and your very small  
 ease,

From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of room,  
 From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm sticking on 'em like  
 Gum,

And Ceiling hung with cobwebs to stanch a cut Thumb,  
 To the Guard, &c.

From your crackt Earthen Piss-pots where no Piss can stay,  
 From Roofs bewrit with snuffs in letters the wrong way;  
 From one old broken Stool with one broken Leg,

One Box with ne're a Lid to keep ne're a Rag,  
 And Windows that of Storms more than your selves can  
 brag,

To the Guard, &c.

With trusty Pike and Gun, and the other rusty Tool,  
 With heads extremly hot, and with hearts wondrous  
 cool;

With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers)  
 hurt;

With two old tatter'd Shoes that disgrace the Town Dirt,  
 With forty shreds of Breeches, and not one shred of Shirt.

To the Guard, &c.

See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come  
 With Allarms in their Pates to the call of a Drum;  
 Some lo'ging with Bawds (whom the modest call Bitches)  
 With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk to  
 Switches;

With

*With the Plague in the Purse, and the Pox in the Breeches  
To the Guard, &c.*

*Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on Benches,  
Some from damn'd fulsome Ale, and more damn'd fulsome  
Wenches ;*

*Some from Put and Size Ace, and old Sim this way stalk,  
Each man's reeling's his Gate, and his Hyccop his talk  
With two new Cheeks of red from ten old Rows of Chalk.  
To the Guard, &c.*

*Here come others from-scuffling, and damning mine Host,  
With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces that  
boast,*

*Of some Scars by the Jordan, or War-like Quart-Pot  
For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,  
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne're a  
Groat.*

*To the Guard, &c.*

*Then for Valour in black too ! the Chaplain does come !  
From his preaching o're Pots now to pray o're a Drum.*

*All ye whoring and swearing old Red Coats draw near,  
Like to Saints in red Letters listen and give ear,  
And be Godly a while ho, and then as you were.*

*To the Guard, &c.*

*After some canting Terms, to your Arms and the like,  
Such as poyssing your Musket, or porting your Pike ;  
To the Right, to the Left, or else Face about,  
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,  
Hast your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard on  
Foot.*

*To the Guard, &c.*

*Captain Hector first marches but not he of Troy,  
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy.*



See the Man scant of Arms, in a Scarf does abound,  
Which presages some swaggering, but no blood, nor wound,  
Like a Robin, that shews the World shan't be drown'd.

To the Guard, &c.  
As the Tinker wears Rags, whilst the Dog bears the  
Budget,

So the Man stalks with staffe, whilst the Foot-boy does  
trudge it,

With the Tool he should work with (that's Half-pike  
you'll say)

But what Captain's so strong his own Arms to convey,  
When he marches ore laden with Ten other Mens pay.

To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attende at least,  
With stinks Sixteen deep, and about Five a Breast

Made of Ale, and Minnongas, Snuff, Rags, and Brown  
Crust for,

While he wants Twenty Taylors, to make up the cluster,  
Which declares that his journey's not now to the Muster,

But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Musket and Belly uncharg'd march away,  
With Pipes black as their Mouths are, and short as their

pay,  
Whilst their Gait made of holes, shew like Bone-lace a-

And their Bandeliers hang like in Bobbins without em,  
And whilst Horsemen do elabo' em, these Foot-scurbs

do elab' em,  
For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ty'd on one side, and Wit ty'd on neither,  
Wear gray Coats, and gray Cattle see their Wenches

even hither,  
But if he made up of a Man and a Boy

For to peep through Red Lettice, and dark Cellar Door  
 To behold 'em wear Pike's rusty just like their Whores  
 As slender as their Meales, and as long as their Scores  
 To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, Weedle, Weede (whilst we be at dab  
 and)

Keep the base Scottish noise, and as base Scottish scrub;

Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread  
 Comes a thing with Red Garters, and Nose full as Red  
 Like an Ensign, to the King, and to the Kings Head.

Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,

Full of Low Countrey Stories, and Low Countrey Claps.

To be next him the other takes care not to fail, (Sale)

(Powder Monkey by name) that vents stink by whole

For where should the Part be, but just with the Tail

Of the Guard, &c.

And now hey for the King, Bays, and hey for the Court

Which is guarded by these, as the Tower is by Dint;

These Whitehall must admit, and such other unhouse ye,

Each day lets in the drunk whilst it lets out the Drowsy

And no place in the World shifts so oft to be Lawsey.

Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to Scotland-yard sneak and the Suttlers Wife kisses

But disparing of drink, till some Countrey man pisses

And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given)

To the Can Office then, all a Foot Souldiers Heav'n

Where he finds a foul Fox soon, and cures St. Stephen.

On the Guard, &c.

Some at Shite-house publick (where a Rig always goes)

At once empty their Guts, and diminish their Cloths.



Though their Mouths are poor Pimps ( Where and Bacon being all ( may call,  
 Their chief Food ) yet their Bums we true Courtiers  
 For what they eat in the Suburbs, they shite at Whitehall.  
 For the Guard, &c.

Such a like pack of Card, to the Park, making entry,  
 Here, and there, deal an Ace which the Jews call a Centry,  
 ( Clock'tis,  
 Which in bad Houses of Boards, stand to tell what a  
 Where they keep up tame Red-Coats, as men keep up  
 tame Foxes,

Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs T--ds in Boxes.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted ( though it hath been their lucks  
 Oft to steal Countrey Geese ) now to watch the Ks. Ducks ;  
 While some others are set in the side that has Wood in,  
 To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are oft thither  
 footing,  
 Just as buswives, set Cuckolds, to tend their black Pudding.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Whilst another true Trojan, to some passage runs,  
 As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns ;  
 Or a Prentice, or his Mistress ; with Oaths to confound,  
 Till he hyes him from the Park, as from forbidden ground,  
 Cause his credit is whole, and his Wençh may be sound.

And quits the Guard, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Ale-house drown'd,  
 For nought else, but the Pot and their Brains walk the  
 round ;

Whilst

Whilst like Hell, the Commanders, Guard Chamber, does  
 shew,

Their's such damning their selves, and all else of the  
 Crew ( his due.

For though these cheat their Men, they give the Devil  
 On the Guard, &c.

Whilst a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw,  
 And their Quarrels grow high, as their money grows  
 low ;

Strait they threaten hard ( using bad Faces for frowns )  
 To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones,  
 But the blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all their  
 Wounds.

Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they fight just as much as they pray,  
 For some one to the King, does the tidings convey  
 For preventing of Murder ; Oh 'tis a wise way !  
 Though not one of 'em knows ( as a Thousand dare say )  
 What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay.

For the Guard, &c.

With their skins, they march home, no more hurt than  
 their Drums,

But for scratching of Faces or biting of Thumbs ;  
 And now hey for fat Alewives, and Tradesmen, grown  
 leane,

For the Captain grown Bankrupt, recruits him again,  
 With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.

From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogues Cashier'd with a Cane, and a  
 curse,

Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse :



~~And when I find a Worm, these are the words I find~~  
 may name.

~~For as the Worm of Body, lives in the same~~  
~~Soul, whose liv'd in Oaths, yet they dye with a Plalm.~~  
 liv'd the Devil  
 Farewel Guard, &c.

~~On the Guard, &c.~~  
~~With a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw~~  
~~And their money grows high, at their money grows~~

(~~in the~~) **Ephelia to Bajacet.**

**H**OW far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,  
 A lasting Love of joys from Love to obtain?  
 All the dear sweets, the promise of the Moon,  
 After enjoyment, turn to cold and soon.  
 Could love, a constant happiness be known,  
 The mighty wonder, had in me been shown.  
 Our Passions are so favoured by Fate,  
 As if, the instant were an Eternal Date;  
 So kind he looks, so tender words he spoke,  
 'Twas past belief such Vows should ever be broke.  
 Fixt on my Eyes, how often would he say,  
 He could with pleasure gaze on me away.  
 When thoughts too great for words had made him  
 In kisses he would tell my hand his Fate,  
 So great his passion was, so far above,  
 The common Gallantries, the pass for Love  
 At worst I thought if he unkind should prove  
 His ebbing passion, would be kinder far,  
 Than the First transports of all others are.

Nor

Nor was my love, or fondness less then his, nor  
 In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss:  
 For him my duty to my friends I forgot,  
 For him I lost, alas! what lost I not?  
 Fame, all the valuable things of life,  
 To meet his love by a less name then Wife,  
 How happy was I then, how deeply blest,  
 When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,  
 Looking such things as n'ere can be exprest!

Thou! and fresh looks he gave, me ev'ry hour,  
 Whilst greedily I did his looks devour!  
 Till quite overcome with Charms I trembling lay,  
 At ev'ry look he gave, melted away!

I was so highly happy in his love,  
 Methoughts I pittied them that dwelt above,  
 Think then thou greatest, loveliest falsest Man,  
 How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and that  
 My faithless dear be cruel if you can,  
 How I have lov'd I cannot need not tell,  
 No, ev'ry Act has shewn I lov'd too well,  
 Since first I saw you I ne're had a thought,  
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought  
 My *Virgin*, Innocence, and freely made  
 My love an Offering to your Noble Bed:  
 Since when you ave been the *Sovereign* which I lov'd,  
 And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd,  
 Your smiles I only live by, and I must  
 When ere you frown be shatter'd into Dust,  
 Oh! can the coldnels that you threw me now  
 Suit with the generous heat you once did show?  
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind,



I cannot live on pitty, or respect,  
 A thought so mean, would my whole love infect,  
 Less than your love, I scorn Sir to expect.  
 Let me not live in dull indifferency,  
 But give me rage enough to make me dye!  
 For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,  
 Before your pitty, I would choose your hate.

---

*A very Heroical Epistle in Answer  
 to Ephelia.*

Madam,

**I**F you're deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,  
 For all disguises, are below the Great.  
 What *Man* or *Woman*, upon *Earth* can say,  
 I ever us'd 'em well above a *Day*?  
 How is it then, that I inconstant am!  
 He changes not, who always is the same.  
 In my dear self, I center ev'ry thing,  
 My *Servants*, *Friends*, my *Mrs.* and my *King*,  
 Nay Heaven, and Earth, to that one poynt I bring.  
 Well manner'd, honest, genrous, and stout,  
 Names by dull *Fools*, to plague Mankind found out;  
 Should I regard I must my self constrain,  
 And 'tis my *Maxim*, to avoid all pain.  
 You fondly look, for what none e're could find,  
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind,

And

And by false Reasons, would my falshood prove;  
 For 'tis as natural to change, as love:  
 You may as justly at the *Sun*, repine,  
 Because alike it does not always shine:  
 No glorious thing was ever made to stay,  
 My blazing *Star*, but visits and away.  
 As fatal too it shines, as those i'th *Skies*,  
 'Tis never seen, but some great *Lady* dies,  
 The boasted favor, you so precious hold,  
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold;  
 What e're you gave I paid you back in Bliss,  
 Then where's the Obligation pray of this;  
 If heretofore you found grace in my *Eyes*,  
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice.  
 But *Women Beggar-like* still haunt the Door,  
 Where they've receiv'd a *Charity* before.  
 Oh happy *Sultan*! whom we barb'rous call,  
 How much refin'd art thou above us all:  
 Who envys not the joys of thy *Serail*?  
 Thee like some *God*! the trembling Crowd adore;  
 Each *Man*'s thy *Slave*, and *Woman-kind*, thy *Whore*;  
 Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade,  
 Of Golden Canopy supinely laid,  
 Thy crouding *Slaves* all silent as the Night.  
 But at thy nod, all active as the light!  
 Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,  
 And feel'st the joys of Love, without the pain.  
 Each *Female*, courts thee with a wishing Eye,  
 While thou with awful pride, walk'st careless by;  
 Till thy kind pledge, at last, marks out the *Dame*,  
 Thou fancy'st most to quench the present flame.

Then



And by the way, I'll be so bold  
 To thank you for the grace you have  
 No loud reproach nor word in which  
 Of Women's Tongues I have not heard  
 If any do say that I have  
 The True-lover's hand and foot  
 Thou fear'st not in the night  
 Nor Mid-night Ambushes by  
 While here I sit and wait  
 Disturb'd by no such thing  
 What ere you gave I paid you back in Bliss  
 Then where's the Obligation pray of this  
 If heretofore you found grace in my Eye  
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice  
 But Women Beggar-like still haunt the Door  
 Where they've receiv'd a Charity before  
 Oh happy Swain! Whom we partitons call  
 How much remain'd art thou above us all  
 Who envies not the joys of thy Swain?  
 Three like some God! the trembling Crowd adore  
 Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore  
 Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade  
 Of Golden Canopy supinely laid  
 Thy crowding Slaves all silent as the Night  
 But at thy nod, all alive as the light!  
 Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign  
 And feel'st the joys of Love, without the pain  
 Each Female, courts thee with a willing Eye  
 While thou with awful pride, walk'st careless by  
 Till thy kind pledge, at last, marks out the Dame  
 Thou fancy'st most to quench the present flame.

Then

The worst that I could write, would be no more  
Than what thy *Poet Nimmy* wrote before.

**C**Rusht by that just contempt his *Follies* bring,  
On his craz'd *Head* the *Vermin* fain would  
sting.

But never *Satyr* did so softly bite,  
Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.  
Born to no other but thy own *Misfortune*,  
Thou art a thing so wretched and so base,  
Thou canst not ev'n offend but with thy face.  
And dost at once a bad example give  
Of *harmless* *innocence*, and of *harmless* *innocence*.  
All pride! and *harmless*! oh how *harmless*!  
A nauseous *creature* so composed of *harmless*!  
How oft have we thy *captivating* *person* seen  
With *harmless* look, and melancholly *eyes*;  
The just reverse of *Noakes*, when he would be  
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee.  
Thou art below being laugh'd at, or despis'd;  
Men gaze upon thee as a hideous sight  
And cry there goes the melancholly *knave*.  
There are some modest *fools* we daily see,  
Modest and dull, why they are *Wits* to thee!  
For of all *fools*, thou art the very top,  
Is a conceited *Nimny* and a *fool*.  
With Face of *Grace* joyn'd to a *fool*.  
There's no such *fool* as thou, as *fool* of *fools*.  
But tis too much on *fool* to *fool*.  
No *Man* would dabble in a *fool*.  
With equal self-conceit too, he bears Arms,  
But with that vile success, his part performs.

That



The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,  
Than what thy very *Friends* have said before.

---

*My Lord All-Pride.*

**B**ursting with *Pride*, the loath'd *Imposthume* swells,  
Pr-k him, he sheds his *Venom* strait, and smells;  
But 'tis so lewd a *Scribler*, that he writes,  
With as much force to *Nature*, as he fights,  
Hardned in shame, 'tis such a baffled *Fop*,  
That ev'ry *School-boy*, whips him like a *Top*:  
And with his *Arm*, and *Head*, his *Brain's* so weak,  
That his starv'd fancy, is compell'd to rake,  
Among the *Excrements* of others wit,  
To make a stinking *Meal* of what they shit.  
So *Swine*, for nasty *Meal*, to *Dunghill* run,  
And toss their grunting *Snowts* up when they've  
done:

Against his *Stars*, the *Coxcomb* ever strives,  
And to be something they forbid, contrives.  
With a *Red-Nose*, *Splay-Foot*, and *Goggle-Eye*,  
A *Plough Man's* looby *Meene*, *Face* all awry,  
With stinking *Breath*, and ev'ry loathsome mark,  
The *Punchianello* sets up for a *Spark*.  
With equal self-conceit too, he bears *Arms*,  
But with that vile success, his part performs,

That

That he *Burlesque* his Trade, and what is best  
In others, turns like *Harlequin*, in jeast.

So have I seen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,  
When all his *Brother Monsters*, flourish there;  
A *Lubbar* Elephant, divert the Town,  
With making *Legs*, and shooting off a *Gun*.  
Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,  
Shame and derision, all his steps attend;  
Alike abroad, at home, i'th *Camp* and *Court*,  
This *Knight* o'th' *Burning Pestle*, makes us sport.

---

K

Captain

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## Captain Rambler.

WHilst Duns were knocking at my Door,  
 I lay in Bed with wreeking Whore,  
 With Back so weak and Pr---ck so sore  
 you'd wonder.

I rais'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,  
 I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,  
 She plit, and then I drove her down  
 like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,  
 And drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,  
 But still I thought the Devil in her  
 Clitoris.

I sat at Muscots in the dark,  
 And heard a Tradesman and a Spark,  
 A Scrivener and a Lawyers Clerk,  
 Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffled Face,  
 To the Dukes House, and took a place,  
 In which I spew'd, may't please his Grace  
 Or Highness.

Had I been hang'd, I could not choose,  
 But laugh at Whores, who dropt from Stems,  
 Seeing that Mrs. Marg't Hews,  
 So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,  
 Hearing some poultry pieces chink  
 Within my Breches, how d'ye think  
 I employ'd 'em?

Why

Why Sir, I went to *Mrs. Sperring*  
 Where some were Cursing, and others Swearing,  
 Never a *Barrel* better Herring,

*Per fidem.*

Seav'ns the *Main*, 'tis Eight God damn me,  
 'Tis Six, (said I) as God shall save me;  
 And being true, they could not blame me

So saying,

Save me (quoth one) what *Shamarpoone*  
 Is this has beg'd an Afternoon,  
 Or's *Motter* to go up and down,

A playing?

Now this to me was worse than killing,  
 Mistake me not, for I am willing;  
 And able both to drop a *Shilling*,

Or two Sir.

Well said my *Lad* (quoth *Bully Heck*)  
 With *Wiskers* stern, and *Cordibeck*,  
 Pinn'd up behind his scabby Neck,

To shew Sir,

With *Mangy Fist* he grasps the *Box*,  
 Giving the Table bloody knocks,  
 Calling upon the *Plague* and *Pox*

To assist him.

Ten Shillings from me he did snatch,  
 He'd like to have made a quick dispatch,  
 Nor would *Times Register*, my *Watch*

Have mist him.

As luck would have it in came *Will*,  
 Perceiving things went very ill,  
 Quoth he thou'ds better go and swill,

*Canary*.



We steer'd our Course to *Dragon green*,  
 Which is in *Fleet street* to be seen,  
 Where we drank *Wine* not foul but clean  
 Contrary.

Our Host Ecclipsed *Thomas Hammon*,  
 Presented slice of *Bacon Gammon*,  
 Which made us swallow *Sack* as *Salmon*  
 Does Water.

Being over warm with the last debauch,  
 I grew as drunk as any *Roach*,  
 When hot bak'd *Wardens* did approach,  
 Or later.

But see the damn'd confounded fate,  
 Attends on drinking *Wine* so late,  
 I drew my sword on honest *Kate*  
 Ith *Kitching*.

Which *Hammon's Wife* could not endure,  
 I told here though she look'd demure,  
 That she came lately I was sure,  
 From *Bitching*.

We broke out *Glasses* out of hand,  
 As many *Oaths* we did command,  
 As *Hasting*, *Savin*, *Southerland*  
 Or *Ogle*.

Then I cry'd up *Sir Harry Vain*,  
 And swore by *God* I would maintain  
*Episcopacy* was too plain,  
 A juggle.

And having now discharg'd the *Hon<sup>rs</sup>*,  
 We did reserve a gentle *Souse*,  
 With which we drank another *Rouse*  
 At the *Bar*.

And

And now good *Christians* all attend  
To drunkenness pray put an end,  
I do advise you as a *Friend*

And *Neighbour*.

For lo the *Mortal*, here behold  
Who cautious was in days of old,  
Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,

And free *Sir*.

For having scapt the *Tavern* so,  
There never was a greater *Foe*,  
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no

Nor *Cesar*.

A *Constable* both stern and dread,  
Who is from *Mustard*, *Brooms* and *Thread*,  
Preferr'd to be the *Brainless* head

O'th' *People*.

A Gown h'ad on with Age made gray,  
A Hat to which as *Folks* do say,  
Is *Sir*-nam'd to this very day,

A *Steeple*.

His *Staff*, which knew as well as he  
The business of *Authority*,  
Stood bold upright at sight of me,

Most true 'tis.

The *Lowsy Curs* that hither come  
To keep the *King's* Peace safe at home,  
Yet cannot keep the *Vermin* from

Their *Curtis*.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,  
You Lie, said I, like a *Son* of a *Whore*,  
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more,

De' mutter?

You



You watchful *Knave*, I'll tell you what,  
 Your *Officer* i'th *May-pole-Hat*,  
 I'll make as drunk as any *Rat*,

Or *Otter*,

The *Constable* began to swell  
 Although he lik'd the motion well,  
 Quoth he my *Friend*, this I must tell  
 You clearly

The *Pestilence* you can't forget,  
 Nor th' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet  
 The dreadful *Fire* that made us get  
 Up early.

From which quoth he I this infer  
 To have a bodies conscience clear,  
 Excelleth any costly chear

Or Banquet.

Besides ( and faith I think he wept )  
 Were it not better you had kept  
 Within your Chamber, and have slept  
 In *Blanket*.

But I'll advise you by and by  
 —A *Pox* of all advice said I,  
 Your *Jamizaries* look as dry  
 As *Vulcan*.

We came not here to talk of *Sin*,  
 —Come—here's a *Shilling* fetch it in,  
 Our business now is to begin

A full *Can*.

At last I made the *Watch-men* drunk,  
 Examind here and there a *Punch*,  
 And then away to *Bed* I flunk  
 To hide it.

Now these my wishes are to you,  
 Who will those dangers not Eschue,  
 That ye may all go home, and spew,  
 As I did.

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### *On Rome's Pardons.*

**I**F *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold;  
 And if those *Pardons* can be bought and sold;  
 It were no Sin, t'adore and worship Gold.

If they can purchase *Pardons* with a Sum,  
 For Sins they may commit in time to come,  
 And for sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happiest that have most;  
 They'll purchase *Heaven*, at their own proper cost,  
 Alas! the Poor! all that are so are lost.

Whence came this knack; or when did it begin?  
 What Author have they, or who brought it in?  
 Did *Christ*, e're keep a *Custom-House* for Sin?

Some subtle *Devil* without more ado,  
 Did certainly this sly invention brew,  
 To gull 'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too!

**F I N I S.**